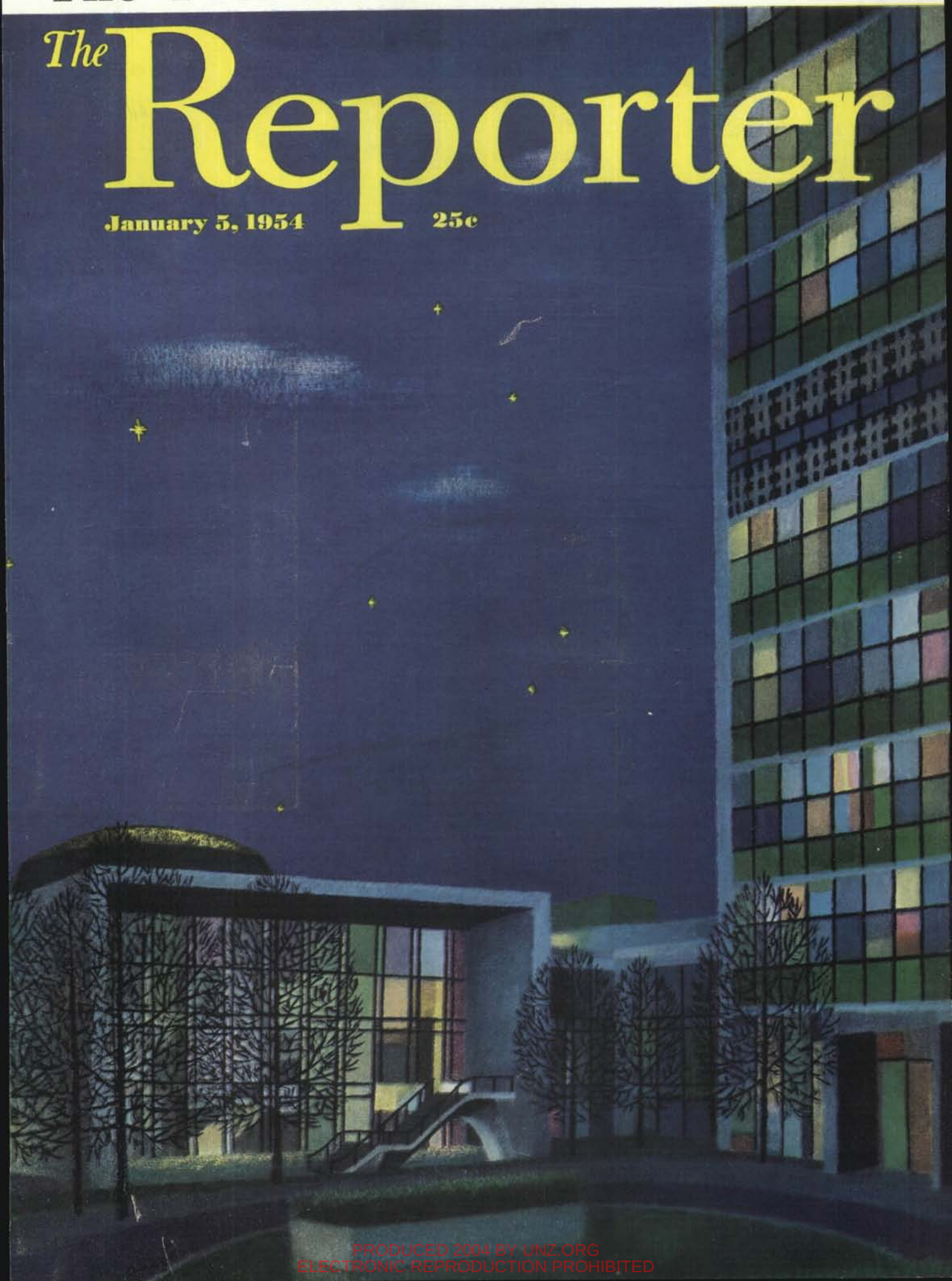
The President Takes the Lead

# The Reporter

January 5, 1954 25c



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# No words needed...

*Before ever he speaks a word, he asks your love.*
*In it begins the security he will need forever.*

*The whimper when he's hungry, the sigh of peace when he's fed and warm, the cuddle of his sleepy body—all these tell a need that never ends.*
*The need that none of us outgrows: to be safe and secure in body and heart as long as we live.*

The security of our homes is a universal dream. That each of us is free to make secure the lives of those we love, is our peculiar privilege.

As we take care of our own, we also take care of America. Out of the security of each home rises the security of our country.

*Your* security and your country's begin in *your* home.

**Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!** If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan.* Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

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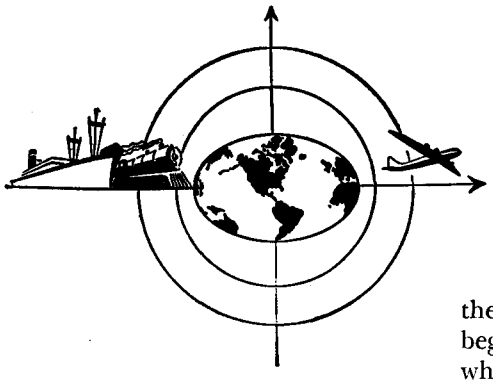

# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

### George Marshall at Oslo

In the newsreels he looked a little frail and tired, and very modest. When the leaflets began to swirl down from the gallery and he heard the shouting, at first perhaps he did not understand. For a second he may have thought of parades at home and the ticker tape drifting down from the tall buildings, but in the parades there was always the roar of the crowd—and now there were only the few voices. They must be shouting insults, he realized.

But what was Jenner doing here in Oslo? he may have wondered. Were these voices calling him "a living lie" again? Or was it McCarthy charging him with responsibility for the loss of "100,000,000 persons a year to international Communism?"

It was only later on that he found out it was the Communists blaming him for the great plan that made Europe's recovery possible.

It did not matter to him whose voices were now drowned out in the applause of the audience. He turned back to receive the Nobel Peace Prize, impassive, untouched, standing there quietly with his hands clasped before him—the soldier and statesman of whom Henry L. Stimson said: "I have never known a man who seemed so surely to breathe the democratic American spirit."

### The Bad and the Beautiful

When, in a country that takes pride in its rapid growth, the output of industry goes down by six per cent in eight months, nobody laughs any more. Instead, bankers, business magazines, and politicians can be seen eating their past words of optimism. Something closely resembling the much-talked-about recession has begun, and the talk has turned to what we should do about it.

First of all, you have to call it a "readjustment," not a "recession," a Treasury official tells us. Besides, this is a "good" recession, not a "bad" one. The chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago, who managed to assemble 1,400 bankers from forty-four states early in December to exchange views about business prospects, said the decline is "highly desirable and necessary."

Since it's quite easy to get too much of a good thing, the bankers discussed what could be done if the recession got too good. They talked about the Federal government pumping money into the economy through larger deficits. They looked for lower interest rates and "easier" mortgage money. Just like that old villain Lord Keynes and his New Dealing American disciples, they seemed to believe that when business gets bad, the government ought to get some more money into the hands of the spending public.

There is no contradiction here. It's just that there are two kinds of deficits, at least according to *U.S. News & World Report*. The one that is "good" happens to be Republican, and the one that is "bad" is Democratic. A bad deficit comes about through spending more than you take in. A good deficit, on the contrary, is the result of not taking in as much as you spend. "Deficit spending, once a threat to cause fear and trembling, now can be accepted calmly as a condition necessary to the country's welfare."

The new line of demarcation between good and evil was illustrated in a more technical form in the mid-November newsletter of a prominent New York investment counsel. "It may be wise . . . at this point . . . to reemphasize what appears to be the fundamental difference between cheap money and easy money." "Easier money," which is good, "means action to provide the economy with the credit it needs necessary for normal growth of the economy . . ." Cheap money, which is bad, seems to be about the same thing, except that it is brought about by the pegging of government bonds—something the Democrats used to do.

Try this yourself. Once you learn how to play it, the game can be lots of fun, and it's good training for active citizen participation in our national elections. Here are a few examples to help you get started:

Public works like WPA are "bad": All they do is spend money and put people to work. Under the Eisenhower anti-recession program worked out by the President's Council of Economic Advisers, "good" public works will put money into the hands of the people and maintain a high level of employment. But the difference is that at the same time money is spent on public works the government receives less money in taxes. See?

The welfare state, with its dole for jobless workers and its rigid high minimum wage, is clearly "bad." But Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell is out in the country selling the idea—as a "better shield against economic reverses"—that unemployment compensation should be broadened and the amount and coverage of the present minimum wage should be increased. But where is the additional money coming from?

The game can be played with nearly any subject. High and rigid farm-price supports are an affront to our free-enterprise system, but a two-

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## WHITE (HOUSE) CHRISTMAS

May your stocking be bursting, dear President Ike,
With the things that you need and the things that you like,
And a few little items we hope you'll receive
In the spirit we send them on this New Year's Eve:

A Tape of your voice as you spoke at U.N.
To show you yourself as you should be again.

A little Green Light that will urge you ahead
When your modesty tells you to wait to be led.

A Serum for bites from the yapping coyotes
Infecting your cause as they scavenge for votes.

A Fund for providing new glasses for all
Who can only see red—(and have total recall).

A Sieve for your party, to strain out the dross
And keep in the gold that elected you boss.

(And enough Democrats in the Congress this year
To put through your policies—foreign and near.)

A Candle for courage, a Candle for hope,
And Mars in eclipse on the world's horoscope.

And last, Mr. President, let us endorse
Our warmest of wishes for par on the course.

—SEC

price system for wheat, which would require even more control, is fine. So far only wheat is mentioned, probably because of the farmers' grumbling. But if we are going to have a two-party system in the South, can cotton and tobacco be far behind? "Give-away" foreign aid is bad, but dumping our farm surpluses abroad and giving friendly countries the money to buy them with is the salvation of the American farmer.

Housing should be left to the real-estate men, and the government should stay out of business and banking. But Mitchell told the United Auto Workers that the Administration is "considering the most effective ways for it to participate in loan guarantee programs should private capital sources begin to shrink." Obviously Mr. Mitchell is for public support of private housing projects.

The national debt is an intolerable burden and should be reduced. But there can be a "good" increase in the debt too, if the Administration is Republican and strapped for cash. Secretary Humphrey says it's the debt *ceiling* that is "burdensome," and he wants it lifted to avoid a "near panic."

POLICIES, like women, can evidently be both bad and attractive. "Good" and "bad" obviously are questions of the heart.

### Distort and Conquer

Recently Senator McCarthy was questioned about the President's proposal for an international atomic-energy agency on the "Meet the Press" TV and radio program—and if the Senator had been a schoolboy taking a current-events test, he would have flunked it.

We suspect, however, that the Senator's show of dumbness was purposeful and deliberate. His distortion of the President's plan gives away the McCarthyite strategy for its destruction. First you praise it. "Well, I think—I think, Miss Higgins—it's an excellent suggestion, has a lot of merit." Then you say that the plan involves precisely what the President says it does not and predict it must fail because of clauses it does not contain.

From the President's U.N. speech: "However, the proposal has the great virtue that it can be undertaken without irritations and mutual suspicions incident to any attempt to set up a completely acceptable system of world-wide inspection and control." The McCarthy distortion: "Well, if she [Soviet Russia] accepts and is willing to have inspection of all her atomic installations and ours and outlaw the atomic and hydrogen bomb, excellent. I can't conceive of her accepting. If she does it would be a wonderful thing."

Then you say—piously pretending that you are not saying it—that the President proposes to give away all our atomic secrets. Question by Miss Marguerite Higgins (New York *Herald Tribune*): "You would not support it or a plan like that unless it did have inspection of the capacity to produce attached to it?"

McCarthy: "Well, Miss Higgins, I don't think that question is at all pertinent, because it is just inconceivable that there would be any plan under which we would give the world all of the information about our atomic and hydrogen bomb and not have inspection of their facilities. I'm sure that Eisenhower did not have that in mind." The President not only did not have it in mind; he made no proposal whatever about the bombs or information concerning them. He only urged ". . . the governments principally involved, to the extent permitted by elementary prudence, to begin now and continue to make joint contributions from their stockpiles of normal uranium and fissionable materials to an international atomic energy agency."

Then you play your ace—a fifth ace, of course. Under the plan, the Russians will soon be sitting in Oak Ridge. Ernest Lindley (*Newsweek*): "Do you mean inspection of the atomic power plants in the free world or inspection of the Soviet atomic enterprise?" McCarthy: "Well, the Soviet and, of course, in the free world also."

"It's an excellent suggestion, has a lot of merit," said Senator McCarthy at the start of the program, and then tried to wreck the proposal.


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## DEFINING DEMOCRACY

**To the Editor:** In your editorial of December 8, "Government by Bombshell," you deplore the efforts of "a few men" to replace "our Constitutional, representative democracy with direct democracy." You emphasize the term "direct democracy" by repeating it. Do you not mean "government by plebiscite" or "majority authoritarianism," at any rate a device whereby a few may be able to establish and maintain some form of dictatorship? If so, I feel that you are probably right, and the few could establish themselves by controlling the direct popular elections. But this is not democracy, whether direct or indirect, however it may be facilitated, as you say, by radio and TV.

The Communists have damaged the word "democracy" enough by laying claim to it, and some unthinking interests also have twisted it to make it synonymous with *laissez faire*. Strictly speaking, "direct democracy" can apply only to a government of a very small population in a relatively small area and in which the voters are free to express themselves in more ways than by voting with the majority. Or, "direct democracy" can be applied to an extension of the initiative or referendum to larger populations and areas, but this is on defined issues, and thus is a limited concept.

Let's not add to the confusion by suggesting that the threat to "representative democracy" is "direct democracy," for it would have no element of democracy, either direct or representative.

RICHARD C. SPENCER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

*(By "direct democracy" we mean the removal of representation as a purifying screen between the will of the people and the acts of government. Madison, writing in* The Federalist, *used a slightly different phrase for the same thing when he wrote, "A pure democracy, by which I mean a society consisting of a small number of citizens, who assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. . . . Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths." Democracy, like anything else, can be perverted, and since the age of Pericles, democracy without the delegation of authority to elected representatives has meant mob rule.)*

## A BAS RAY ALAN!

**To the Editor:** We cannot lay claim to any righteous indignation over Ray Alan's "Is the English Channel Really Necessary?" in your issue of September 29; it was read with considerable amusement. Your contributor was trying his hand at the "slick inside story" (in this case of the Bilingual-World movement) and the highly professional result implies considerable resources both in technique and in information. As to the latter, it is amusing to conjecture whether your correspondent's professional conscience really did drive him to do all the hard work involved or whether he remained, as he suggests, "fishing in the untroubled waters of the Loire" and simply making use of a voluminous documentation supplied by a "rival" organization. We should have been glad to meet Mr. Alan on his way through Paris. We know a little about the Bilingual World ourselves. As a study in a highly exacting genre, however, your inside story was undoubtedly good.

The genre, nevertheless, would seem to involve certain limitations. It hardly, as the name indeed suggests, makes for perspective, while the maintenance of the slick, streamlined humor required lays a certain strain upon honesty and the objective presentation of fact. A little reflection and a phrase such as "a utopian bilingual world would gradually come into being in which statesmen would be able to hurl threats at each other directly without the frustrating intervention of interpreters" may seem just a trifle facile. A little more reflection (we are after all living or trying to live in 1953), and it may appear shabby.

This is hardly the place to undertake an elaborate defense of the movement. All, says Mr. Alan, have been played for "suckers" and the Great Awakening is for tomorrow. Our crime, therefore, has been threefold. Not only have we deceived the President of the French Republic, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Messrs. Eisenhower, Eden, and Reynaud, H.R.H. the Princess Royal of England, the American services at NATO which sent a special delegate to Luchon and Harrogate, the French State Secretary for Education and the Fine Arts, the Rev. Sturgis Lee Riddle, Dean of the American Cathedral in Paris and Chairman of the Bilingual World American Committee, and many other eminent figures in the religious, political, and university spheres, but we have also taken in—and this is even more serious—the man in the street, the policeman hopefully learning French at evening classes in Harrogate, and the schoolchildren in Luchon groping their way toward comprehension of another language and culture. Finally, although for this Mr. Alan would seem to forgive us, we have also gulled ourselves.

Now this is a sorry state of affairs. But it has always been generally agreed, even by professional reporters—and the present world tension would seem to call for a certain liberalism and generosity in the matter—that, however tenuous it may often seem, there does exist some kind of dividing line between the "suckers" on the one hand and, on the other, the many people who are trying to use a little imagination and good will in an effort to do something about the present catastrophic state of world affairs.

May I suggest mildly and with all respect, that there must be many of the latter among your readers and that they too have the right not to be suckers but to expect of *The Reporter* some kind of plain, unvarnished report on matters which, in this small world, may well affect themselves?

JEAN-MARIE BRESSAND
Le Secrétaire-Général
Le Monde Bilingue
Paris

*(M. Bressand's point is well taken. But so, we feel, were Mr. Alan's points about the amiable national pecularities with which M. Bressand's commendable project must reckon.)*

## A DIFFERENT PATTERN

**To the Editor:** The Ambassador has asked me to thank you for bringing to his attention the article on Japanese labor unionism by Ruth Barrett in the November 24 issue of your magazine. He is always interested in published material which attempts to interpret our country to the people of the United States.

We at the Embassy are somewhat out of touch with the labor situation in Japan and hence can offer little in the way of constructive comment. Speaking generally, Mrs. Barrett's article would seem to be an oversimplification of a subject of some complexity. The consensus here is that the Japanese labor movement is not as weak as the article pictures it. We do not believe that Japanese labor unions can be judged solely by American standards; the labor movement in Japan, originating in a social structure considerably unlike that of the United States, may well evolve in a different pattern more suited to its own environment.

HIROTO TANAKA
First Secretary
Embassy of Japan
Washington

## ARVEY—PRO AND CON

**To the Editor:** "The Reluctant Candidate,' by J. M. Arvey as told to John Madigan (*The Reporter*, November 24), was excellent. It should be reprinted and made available at Democratic meetings from now until 1956 so that the public can get used to the idea that there are such things as honest politicians, such a thing as a genuine hero who is able without conscious effort to put some meaning and value into the hero-worship that inevitably surrounds our campaigns. Send my thanks to Mr. Arvey for letting us know about it.

FRED ELDER
Los Angeles

**To the Editor:** For over a year I have been one of your most loyal readers and promoters. The contribution of J. M. Arvey, however, has caused me no small amount of embarrassment. Mr. Arvey is not well accepted generally in Chicago. His name has been associated in the past with many questionable civic "deals." Frankly, I'm disappointed in your choice of this contributor.

ELEANOR MCMAHON
Chicago



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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

As OUR editorial states, the President's United Nations speech marks—or must be made to mark—a turning point in contemporary history. The President will have to see to it that his proposal is followed up and turned into a working reality; the American people will have to see to it that he receives the assistance he needs from all of us. **Michael Amrine's** article is a vivid chronological flashback to all that led up to the double drama: our discovery, test, and use of the atomic bomb, and the increasing strain in our relations with Soviet Russia largely as a result of the bomb. Out of this article there emerges the figure of a great American statesman, the late Henry L. Stimson. When the atom bomb was conceived, the Secretary of War was the first and perhaps the only American in government to look beyond its use in war and see its future possibilities for good and evil. In collaboration with Harold C. Urey, Mr. Amrine wrote the famous pamphlet "I'm a Frightened Man." His novel *Secret* is the story of atomic scientists under the stress of postwar politics and loyalty tests.

HAVING served as Attorney General of the United States from 1941 to 1945, **Francis Biddle** is peculiarly qualified to define the role the office of Attorney General plays not only in prosecuting criminals but in defending our laws. Mr. Biddle points out the dangerous precedent that one of his successors, Mr. Brownell, has recently set. We are all tired of reading about Harry Dexter White; we must never tire of defending our civil liberties.

Democracy does not work any too well in many nations of the Pacific but **Tillman Durdin's** article shows that in the Philippines the people care for it. His report on the recent Philippine elections is a success story: that of a people's insurrection through the ballot against a corrupt régime. That story does considerable credit to our country as well as to theirs. Mr. Durdin is a correspondent for the New York *Times.*

Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** gives an on-the-spot account of how history is written—and how the journalist who digs is sometimes not the one who gets the medals.

**William S. Fairfield,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* recently visited a small town in his native state, Wisconsin, and describes a Communist attempt to get a foothold at the grass-roots level.

In a second installment **Mary McCarthy** concludes her story of how it happened that she did *not* become a Communist. Actually the protagonist in this tale is chance—an element which frequently is left out of the "confessions" that receive the greatest acclaim and publicity nowadays. Miss McCarthy's confession is a lesson in humility.

MARYA MANNES's comments on the Smythe report should provide matter for sober reflection to anyone who owns a TV set and even more to the people responsible for the running of TV stations. . . . **James Hinton, Jr.,** reports on what is a fairly new and quite successful phenomenon in the record business: "The Spoken Word." A number of people who enjoy good prose and good poetry make themselves into a "captive audience"—and like it. . . . **M. R. Werner's** review of the Harold Ickes diary suggests that if fewer words had been used with greater skill we would now be in possession of a better self-portrait of that remarkable man. . . . An American novel that deals seriously with the religious problem of salvation is analyzed by **William Lee Miller,** Assistant Professor of Religion at Smith College and author of the much-discussed article "Can Government Be Merchandised?" which appeared in our issue of October 27, 1953.

Our cover of the United Nations Buildings in New York was painted by **Don Higgins.**



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# The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS



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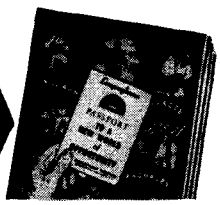

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# The President Takes the Lead

He did it. In that half hour when he stood in front of the General Assembly of the United Nations, there was a solemn, deliberate ring in his voice; his bearing was that of a man who moves forward under a formidable burden and is utterly himself. Not for a moment did he grin or indulge in the mannerisms of the apprentice politician or raise his voice to the pitch that demands the interruption of applause. Even when the ovation came from everybody present, Vishinsky included, and he sat down, there was no trace of self-satisfaction in his face.

The burden he bore so well is formidable indeed. A practitioner of war during most of his life, he knows that because of the new weapons a war with our major antagonist would be not a means to an end, but rather an end in itself—the end of the road for the human race.

General Eisenhower's armies forced Germany into unconditional surrender. Now President Eisenhower knows that the war he led to victory was the first and the last our country waged for unconditional surrender. For he knows that Soviet Russia, a far more redoubtable, more treacherous enemy than Nazi Germany, has atomic and hydrogen weapons.

In his speech the President has limited the area of debate with Soviet Russia and defined our nation's aims. He accepts co-existence with the Soviets as a fact and proclaims: "We seek a harmonious family of free European nations, with none a threat to the other, and least of all a threat to the people of Russia."

The Russians of course reassert their belief in co-existence with their usual bad faith, for they rely on their "scientific" theories of history which make them sure that ultimately they will gobble us up. Now the President has told us that we can rely on a real science—that same atomic science which, if used only for the production of weapons, can wipe out civilization.

The President's speech dramatically acknowledged what has for some time been crying for acknowledgment: Atomic power is being domesticated. Like every other form of energy, this, the most prodigious of them all, is being harnessed for a number of purposes—good and bad—though we now see only a few dim presages of the countless uses in store for us. We now have atomic tactical weapons. We have an atomic-powered submarine, workable though fantastically costly.

The diesel engine too, as Gordon Dean, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, writes in his admirable book, was first used to power a submarine. It too was an extraordinarily uneconomical proposition. Now, of course, as the scientists tell us, it is a matter not of whether but of when we can have atom-powered airplanes, locomotives, and perhaps even cars. The day when abundant and cheap electricity will be produced by atomic reactor is already dawning.

All this is bound to come. The President is giving American sponsorship to the inevitable. Our country, having been the first to provide the means and to assemble the skills that made the release of atomic power possible, is now asking all the other peoples of the world to share in this venture and to accelerate the inevitable—the coming into existence of new scientific tools designed to reduce the differences between the have and have-not nations. Men of many races, most of them refugees from European totalitarianism, made it possible for our country to be first to release atomic power. From here on, scientists of all nations, including Russia, can proceed together and make the atom a power for good.

This does not mean peace. It will not, for some time to come, mean disarmament. But if the President's proposal is accepted under the conditions he suggested to make it workable, a new chain reaction will begin: The greater the benefits mankind derives from the peaceful uses of atomic power, the greater will become the stake of all men in peace.

Like the Marshall Plan, the President's proposal is utterly baffling to the Russian leaders, who are paralyzed whenever faced with American common sense and generosity. Should an international atomic-energy agency become part of the U.N., it would mean that gradually, in direct proportion to the discoveries made by scientists of the whole world, we would have an atom-powered U.N.—something quite different from the frail thing it is now.

On December 8, a large number of people at home and abroad were happy to recognize in that grinless, dedicated leader the same man whom for too long a time they could not help criticizing. On this magazine it did our hearts good to applaud the President heartily. Like people on a plane flying stormy skies, we and many others like us have felt rudely buffeted lately, sometimes with a sickening feeling of dipping down, sometimes harassed by doubt as to who was actually in the pilot's seat. That day, we felt we were going in the right direction, entrusted to a steady hand.

There are many storms ahead. Regardless of our reliance on the pilot and his crew, we think it is still wise to keep our safety belts fastened. Yet December 8 put new hope into our hearts.



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# A Tale of the Steps To Hiroshima—and Beyond

MICHAEL AMRINE

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S United Nations speech on December 8 opened up new alternatives for the future. As the world again discusses the Kremlin and the atom, a look at the original formation of U.S. atomic policy is in order. This segment of our recent history has been particularly mysterious, but the accounts of various participants enable us to piece together the story of the beginning of an age.

In his speech, President Eisenhower picked up threads of thought that Henry L. Stimson was pursuing in the days when the first atomic bomb was exploded in New Mexico and the Big Three were meeting in Potsdam. Even the title of the President's U.N. speech, "Perils Which Confront the World in This Atomic Age," is reminiscent of a memorandum which Stimson prepared for Truman at Potsdam: "Reflections on the Basic Problems Which Confront Us." Perhaps some of the White House advisers have been rereading Stimson's conclusions of those days. If so, they may agree that Stimson prophetically confronted the problems President Eisenhower now asks the world to confront and surmount.

ON APRIL 12, 1945, the day Franklin Roosevelt died, most men in the West were following maps carrying the names of Luzon, Warsaw, Frankfurt, Okinawa, the Elbe, Iwo Jima, Berlin. . . .

Meanwhile a few hurried and harassed men endeavored to "place" on *their* maps the names of Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, and Hanford.

To such men as Dr. Klaus Fuchs, these names had been familiar for over a year.

In *Mr. President,* Harry Truman has described his feelings on the day of Roosevelt's death: "I knew the President had a great many meetings with Churchill and Stalin. I was not familiar with any of these things, and it was really something to think about but I decided the best thing to do was to go home and get as much rest as possible and face the music."

*April 25.* The representatives of the United Nations met in San Francisco to draw up the U.N. Charter.

On the same day, Secretary of War

Henry L. Stimson, in company with the head of the atomic project, Brigadier General Leslie R. Groves, briefed President Truman on the history and nature of atomic development.

Earlier in April Truman had gotten a briefing on the Manhattan Project from Fred Vinson and James F. Byrnes. This occasion, for which no date is given in his memoirs, was Truman's first news of the atomic bomb. While he had been head of the Senate War Contracts Investigating Committee, Truman had gotten wind of a vast plant at Oak Ridge. He had intended to look further into it, but the personal intervention of Stimson at that time had stopped him.

When Stimson and Groves called, the Secretary left with the President a memorandum that began: "Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one bomb of which could destroy a whole city."

It is obvious that Stimson saw with clarity what many did not see for years after the bomb was known: that the creation of the bomb and the fact that other countries could create their own, in spite of anything we could do, meant that nuclear energy would radically change the balance of power in the world and the nature of war. Stimson's memorandum of April 25 reiterated that easier and cheaper methods of bomb production would be found, and that other large or smaller countries would have bombs.

It said: "The world in its present state of moral advancement compared with its technical development would be eventually at the mercy of such a weapon. In other words, modern civilization might be completely destroyed. . . . To approach any world peace organization of any pattern now likely to be considered, without an appreciation by the leaders of our country of the power of this new weapon, would seem to be unrealistic. . . . the control of this weapon will undoubtedly be a mat-



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ter of the greatest difficulty and would involve such thoroughgoing rights of inspection and internal controls as we have never heretofore contemplated. . . . Furthermore, in the light of our present position with reference to this weapon, the question of sharing it with other nations and, if so shared, upon what terms, becomes a primary question of our foreign relations. . . . our leadership . . . has placed a certain moral responsibility upon us which we cannot shirk without very serious responsibility for any disaster to civilization which it would further."

### 'Deteriorating Relations'

*May 1.* Hitler's death announced.
*May 2.* Berlin fell.
*May 6.* The first ground echelon of the 509th Composite Group, which was to drop the atomic bombs, sailed from Seattle for Tinian. The recently published fifth volume of the official history *The Army Air Forces in World War II* states that "[Colonel] Tibbets [of the 509th] alone knew the real mission of the team; the others apparently knew no more than they were to drop a special sort of bomb which they came to call 'the gimmick.' "
*May 8.* Germany surrendered.
*May 18.* The advance air echelon of the 509th arrived at Tinian.
*May 22.* President Truman noted in a memorandum:

"Had a long talk with Joe Davies [former Ambassador to the Soviet Union] last night on the Russian situation. . . .

"He had come over to tell me how blue he was over our deteriorating relations with Russia.

"I informed him that . . . I had sent Harry Hopkins to see Stalin with instructions to tell Stalin my views and that I would be pleased to meet him face to face.

". . . Churchill wanted me to meet with him first—which I do not want to do. Stalin already has an erroneous opinion we are ganging up on him.

"To have a reasonably lasting peace, the three great powers must be able to trust each other, and they must themselves honestly want it. They must also have the confidence of the *smaller* nations . . .

". . . Davies said he would go to London."

*May 29.* The ground echelon of the 509th arrived at Tinian by ship from Seattle.
*June 2.* Harry Gold, a Philadelphia chemist, arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He went for a short drive

in the country with Dr. Klaus Fuchs, a theoretical physicist associated with the atomic project. Fuchs described in detail the approaching bomb test and incidentally predicted there would not be a successful explosion before 1946. Harry Gold then took a bus to Albuquerque, New Mexico.
*June 3.* Gold walked up a flight of stairs at 209 North High Street, knocked on a door, and said, "I came from Julius." The occupant of the High Street apartment, David Greenglass, like Fuchs an employee of the bomb project at nearby Los Alamos, gave Gold sketches showing the basic mechanism of the atomic bomb.
*June 4.* James Byrnes gave Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, personal Chief of Staff to the President, a special briefing on the atomic project. Despite this and other briefings, Leahy did not believe the bomb would do what was claimed for it, and in his memoirs frankly admits he "misjudged its efficiency." Even after the test in New Mexico, just before it was used in Japan, Leahy still called it "a professor's dream."

### Planes and Plans

*"Early in June."* Colonel Paul Tibbets, commanding officer of the 509th Group, was told by his headquarters that he would definitely have an atomic bomb for use by August 6.
*June 5.* In Admiral Leahy's memoirs, *I Was There,* there is a description of a White House dinner on this evening, at which the May 26 meeting at Chequers between Churchill and Davies was described.

"When they got around to discussing the Soviet Union, Davies said the British leader became vehement and violent in his criticisms. He revealed to Davies that the imposition of secret police and Gestapo methods by the Soviet in the reoccupied areas was to him 'more horrible' than Communism itself. . . .

"He seemed surprised and hurt that Truman would want to 'exclude' him from the first meeting with Stalin after victory. . . . In his calmer moments, Davies said, the Prime Minister recognized the gravity of the immediate situation and said 'perhaps it would fall to a very few men to decide in the next few weeks the kind of life that would confront several generations to come.' "

During the very hours of the Leahy-Davies-Truman dinner, Harry Gold was hurrying through Brooklyn to a 10 P. M. appointment where Metropolitan Avenue goes into Queens. Gold's man approached leisurely. They exchanged newspapers—and walked on after a few words. "John" Yakovlev, a Soviet agent, gave Gold an empty newspaper. In the newspaper Gold gave to Yakovlev were two manila folders, one marked DOCTOR and a second one marked OTHER. They contained papers from Fuchs and Greenglass.

### The Conscience of Science

*June 11.* A "Committee on Social and Political Implications" appointed by the director of the government's atomic laboratory in Chicago addressed a report to the Secretary of War. This was to become known as the Franck Report, after its chairman, Dr. James Franck, Nobel Prize-winning chemist.

The report, based on unanimous agreement among seven scientists, reached the main conclusion that "the use of the bomb should be considered as a fateful political decision, and not merely as a matter of military tactics."

Its text said: "All of us . . . live with the vision before our eyes of sudden destruction visited on our own country, of a Pearl Harbor disaster repeated in thousand-fold magnification in every one of our major cities. . . .


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". . . The experience of Russian scientists in nuclear research is entirely sufficient to enable them to retrace our steps within a few years, even if we should make every attempt to conceal them. Even if we can retain our leadership in basic knowledge . . . for a certain time by maintaining secrecy . . . it would be foolish to hope that this can protect us for more than a few years. . . .

"If no efficient international agreement is achieved, the race for nuclear armaments will be on in earnest not later than the morning after our first demonstration of the existence of nuclear weapons. After this, it might take other nations three or four years to overcome our present head start, and eight or ten years to draw even with us . . .

". . . There is no doubt that Russia, too, will shudder at the possibility of a sudden disintegration of Moscow and Leningrad . . . Therefore, only lack of mutual *trust*, and not lack of *desire* for agreement, can stand in the path of an efficient agreement for the prevention of nuclear warfare. . . .

*". . . a demonstration of the new weapon might best be made, before the eyes of representatives of all the United Nations, on the desert or a barren island . . .*

"We believe that these considerations make the use of nuclear bombs for an early unannounced attack against Japan inadvisable. If the U.S. were to be the first to release this new means of indiscriminate destruction upon mankind, she would sacrifice public support throughout the world, precipitate the race for armaments, and prejudice the possibility of reaching an international agreement . . ."

### The Wheels Turn

*June 11.* Combat air crews of the 509th Group began arriving at Tinian, flying their own B-29s.

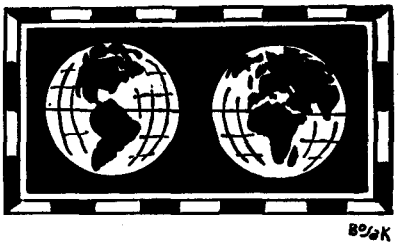
*June 18.* President Truman held a White House conference with the Joint Chiefs of Staff to discuss plans for the invasion of Japan. Secretary Stimson took special note of the unusual fact that civilian advisers were present, "a return to the procedure which Franklin Roosevelt had abandoned in 1942." The meeting was not attended by the Secretary of State, but was attended by John J. McCloy, then Assistant Secretary of War, who has since written an account from which the following quotations are taken:

"We had an impregnable moral position before Japan and the world. We had advanced across the Pacific to the main islands after an act of outrageous aggression on the part of Japan. On top of it all, we possessed the secret of the atom bomb. All present in the room knew that the scientists and engineers working on that project had given definite assurances that within a very short period of time an atomic explosion . . . would occur.

"After the President's decision had been made and the conference was breaking up, an official, not theretofore participating, suggested that serious attention be given to a political attempt to end the war. The meeting fell into a tailspin, but after control was recovered, the idea appealed to several present. It appealed particularly to the President . . .

"It was also at this meeting that the suggestion was first broached that warning be given the Japanese of our possession of the bomb before we dropped it. Although all present were 'cleared', the uninhibited mention of the 'best-kept secret of the war' caused a sense of shock, even among that select group.

"Now this incident indicates that, at that time, everyone was so intent on winning the war by military means that the introduction of political considerations was almost accidental . . . Not one of the Chiefs nor the Secretary thought well of a bomb warning, an effective argument



being that no one could be certain, in spite of the assurances of the scientists, that the 'thing would go off.'

"As a result of the meeting, a rather hastily composed paper was drawn up. It embodied the idea which later formed the basis of the appeal to the Japanese to surrender. That proposal . . . was refused brusquely by the Japanese Government. Yet, as we now know, it did provoke considerable discussion . . . It is interesting to speculate whether, better prepared, this proposal might not have included statements of the policy which we put into effect in Japan almost immediately after the war ended. Such a proposal might well have induced surrender without the use of the bomb. . . .

"Though we have a tendency to blame the decisions that were taken at Yalta and Potsdam for many of the postwar difficulties with the Soviet Union, events were forming a pattern for our postwar fate before those conferences ever took place. We concentrated so heavily on the actual conduct of the war that we overlooked the need for political thinking."

*On or about June 19.* At a bar in Flushing, New York, in a two-and-a-half-hour meeting with Yakovlev, Harry Gold heard that the DOCTOR and OTHER envelopes had gone immediately to Moscow and "were . . . very valuable."

*June 20.* As the United States Strategic Bombing Survey later reported, the Japanese Emperor on this day "on his own initiative called the six members of the Supreme War Direction Council . . . and said it was necessary to have a plan to close the war at once, as well as a plan to defend the home islands."

*July 2.* The "hastily composed paper" to which McCloy referred in his account of the June 18 invasion meeting was signed by Secretary Stimson and given by him to President Truman at the White House. In it he sketched the gloomy prospects of an invasion of the two main islands of Japan, Honshu and Kyushu. Stimson said he thought it worthwhile to give them "a warning of what is to come and definite opportunity to capitulate . . . I believe Japan *is* susceptible to reason . . . to a much greater extent than is indicated by our current press . . ."

Stimson urged us to disavow "any attempt to extirpate the Japanese as a race or to destroy them as a nation . . ." and to "indicate our willingness . . . to give Japan trade access to external raw materials . . . to enter into mutually advantageous trade relations . . ." and to accomplish the "withdrawal from their country as soon as the . . . objectives of the Allies



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are accomplished, and . . . a peacefully inclined government [is established]."

A large issue, in view of such wartime statements as Admiral Halsey's that he intended to ride Hirohito's white horse in Tokyo, was whether we could leave the Japanese their Emperor. In his memorandum Stimson said that he "personally" thought "it would substantially add to the chances of acceptance . . . if . . . we should add that we do not exclude a constitutional monarchy under her present dynasty. . . ."

### A Light for Poets

*July 6.* President Truman departed for Potsdam, accompanied by Stimson, Byrnes, Leahy, Marshall, Arnold, Eisenhower, and King.

*July 10.* After much delay, the Franck Report, prepared by the seven scientists, arrived at Secretary Stimson's Washington office. He had, of course, already gone to Potsdam.

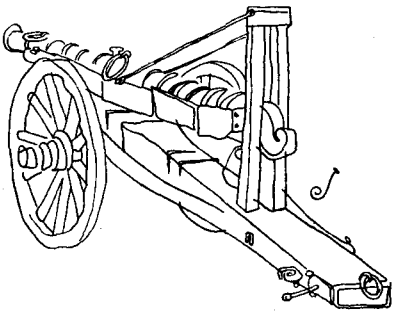
*July 16.* Truman, Byrnes, and Leahy toured the ruins of Berlin after a meeting with Churchill, and Truman opened the Potsdam Conference. Stalin arrived the next day.

A few hours later, at 5:30 A.M. U.S. time, on a barren mesa near Alamogordo, New Mexico, the first atomic bomb was exploded. General Groves's deputy described it thus in the Smyth Report:

"The effects could well be called unprecedented, magnificent, beautiful, stupendous and terrifying. No man-made phenomenon of such tremendous power had ever occurred before. The lighting effects beggared description. The whole country was lighted by a searing light with an intensity many times that of the midday sun. It was golden, purple, violet, gray and blue. It lighted every peak, crevasse and ridge of the nearby mountain range with a clarity and beauty that cannot be described. . . . It was that beauty the great poets dream about but describe most poorly and inadequately. Thirty seconds after the explosion came . . . the air blast, pressing hard against the people and things, to be followed almost immediately by the strong sustained awesome roar which warned of doomsday and made us feel that we puny things were blasphemous to dare tamper with the forces heretofore reserved to the Almighty."

*July 17.* The Potsdam Conference began.

The agenda included military plans for the Far Eastern war, and a dozen knotty diplomatic issues concerning Poland, the Balkans, Trieste, Vienna, Berlin itself, Britain's debt, occupation of defeated coun-



tries, withdrawal of troops, demobilization.

Churchill wrote: "In the afternoon Stimson called at my abode and laid before me a sheet of paper on which was written, 'Babies satisfactorily born. . . .' 'It means,' he said, 'that the experiment . . . has come off.'"

Truman wrote in *Mr. President:* "I went into immediate consultation with Byrnes, Stimson, Admiral Leahy, General Marshall, General Arnold, General Eisenhower and Admiral King. I asked for their opinions whether the bomb should be used. The consensus of opinion was that the bomb should be used. We were planning an invasion of Japan with the use of 2,000,000 men and the military had estimated the invasion might result in very heavy casualties. . . .

"General Marshall said in Potsdam that if the bomb worked we would save a quarter of a million American lives and probably save millions of Japanese. I gave careful thought to what my advisers had counseled. I wanted to weigh all the possibilities and implications. Here was the most powerful weapon of destruction ever devised and perhaps it was more than that."

*July 20.* In the Pacific "the 509th Group began a series of combat strikes . . . to accustom the Japanese to the sight of very small formations of high-flying B-29's."

*July 23.* Churchill has written of the Potsdam dinner that night: "I had another very friendly talk with Stalin, who was in the best of tempers. He spoke with enthusiasm about the Russian intervention against Japan, and seemed to expect a good many months of war, which Russia would wage on an ever-increasing scale . . ."

### Stimson and the Police State

Stimson had been urging a direct and conciliatory approach to the Soviets, and a month later he was again to do so, but in his memoirs it is noted that he "personally was deeply disturbed, at Potsdam, by his first direct observation of the Russian police state in action. The courtesy and hospitality of the Russians was unfailing, but there was evident nonetheless, palpable and omnipresent, the atmosphere of dictatorial repression. Nothing in his previous life matched this experience . . ."

At Potsdam Stimson wrote a paper for the President, "Reflections on the Basic Problems Which Confront Us." The subject was primarily the Russian police state, secondarily the atomic bomb.

Among other things, the paper said, "It . . . becomes clear that no permanently safe international relations can be established between two such fundamentally different systems. With the best of efforts we cannot understand each other. . . . I therefore believe that before we share our new discovery with Russia we should consider carefully whether we can do so safely . . . until Russia puts into effective action the proposed constitution . . . [a reference to the Soviet Constitution of 1936].

". . . We must go slowly in any disclosures or agreeing to any Russian participation whatsoever and constantly explore how our headstart in X and the Russian desire to participate can be used to bring us nearer to the removal of the basic difficulties which I have emphasized."

Years later in Stimson's memoirs it was shown that immediately after Potsdam he became "worried," and asked himself such questions as these: "Granting all that could be said about the wickedness of Russia, was it not perhaps true that the atom itself, not the Russians, was the central problem? And was it practical to hope that the atomic 'secret' —so fragile and short-lived—could be used to win concessions from the Russian leaders as to their cherished, if frightful, police state?"

But his recommendations of the



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moment at Potsdam were secretive and cautious in their approach to the Soviets.

**'Great New Fact'**

*July 24.* At the end of a formal session, while the main Potsdam participants were waiting for their automobiles to arrive, President Truman took Premier Stalin aside and told him that we had a new and special kind of bomb to use in the Far East.

In 1953 Mr. Truman still said of Stalin's reaction, ". . . I'm sure he did not understand its significance."

Churchill has written of this:

"A more intricate question was what to tell Stalin. The President and I no longer felt that we needed his aid to conquer Japan . . . Stalin's bargaining power, which he had used with such effect upon the Americans at Yalta, was therefore gone. Still, he had been a magnificent ally in the war against Hitler, and we both felt that he must be informed of the great New Fact which now dominated the scene, but not of any particulars.

". . . [On] July 24, after our plenary meeting had ended and we all got up from the round table and stood about in twos and threes before dispersing, I saw the President go up to Stalin, and the two conversed alone with their interpreters. I was perhaps five yards away, and I watched with the closest attention the momentous talk. . . . I can see it all as if it were yesterday.

"[Stalin] seemed delighted. A new bomb! Of extraordinary power! Probably decisive on the whole Japanese war! What a bit of luck! This was my impression at the moment, and I was sure that he had no idea of the significance of what he was . . . told. . . . As we were waiting for our cars I found myself near Truman. 'How did it go?' I asked. 'He never asked a question,' he replied."

Byrnes wrote in his memoirs, "I was surprised at Stalin's lack of interest. . . . I thought that the following day he would ask for more information about it. He did not. Later I concluded that, because the Russians kept secret their developments in military weapons, they thought it improper to ask us about ours."

No published account indicates that the President used the word "atomic."

*July 25.* A military directive signed by General Thomas T. Handy, Acting Chief of Staff in the absence of Marshall at Potsdam, went to General Carl Spaatz for the 509th "to deliver its first special bomb as soon as weather will permit visual bombing after about 3 August, 1945, on one of the targets: Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata and Nagasaki."

Truman's account in *Mr. President* would seem to indicate the decision was not made until the news from Los Alamos arrived at Potsdam, and another Truman account says the final order was not given by him until the Presidential party was aboard the cruiser *Augusta* returning home from Potsdam.

THE SAME day this directive was issued Churchill flew home, to be there when the results of the British election of July 5 were made public.

*July 26.* On this day the Potsdam Declaration calling for Japan's surrender was released over the signatures of Truman, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek. (Russia was not yet at war with Japan.) The statement made no reference to the status of the Emperor or to new weapons, but warned that if there were no surrender "the only alternative for Japan is prompt and utter destruction."

On this same day it was announced that Clement Attlee was Great Britain's new Prime Minister. Churchill drove to the Palace and tendered his resignation to the King. In his departing message he hinted that the end of the war "may come much

quicker than we have hitherto been entitled to expect."

*July 26.* The cruiser *Indianapolis* arrived at Tinian with part of the fissionable material for the first combat atomic bomb.

*July 28.* From Byrnes's account: ". . . the Japanese Premier issued a statement saying the [Potsdam] declaration was unworthy of notice. That was disheartening. There was nothing left to do but use the bomb."

*August 2.* From Byrnes's account: ". . . I continued to hope the Japanese government would change its mind. I was greatly disappointed when the day of our departure from Potsdam arrived and no further word had been received. I recognized then that our hope of avoiding use of the bomb was virtually gone."

The Presidential party went to England and boarded the U.S.S. *Augusta* in Plymouth Harbor for the trip home. Leahy and Byrnes accompanied the President to a ceremonial luncheon with King George aboard H.M.S. *Renown.*

Leahy wrote ". . . I knew of no explosive that would develop the power claimed for the new bomb. . . . To my surprise, I found King George well informed about the project and the possible postwar uses of atomic energy. Jestingly he said to me, 'Admiral, would you like to lay a little bet on that?' "

Years later, Leahy had this verdict on the bomb, ". . . in being the first to use it, we had adopted an ethical standard common to the barbarians of the Dark Ages. . . . That is why, as a professional military man . . . I come to the end of my story with an apprehension about the future. . . . These new concepts of 'total war' are basically distasteful to the soldier and sailor of my generation. Employment of the atomic bomb in war will take us back in cruelty toward noncombatants to the days of Genghis Khan."

*Some time between August 2 and August 6,* by his own account, Truman made the decision to drop the bomb. Did a specific order other than the directive of July 25 go from the *Augusta* or from Washington? Records so far available do not mention any further order. The "wheels" were "in motion," in the President's phrase.

The Air Force history says the directive "had set 3 August as the earliest day for the attack, and thereafter, as so often in the past, it was a question of waiting for a break in the weather . . . On the 5th the weather forecasts looked good; at midnight the crews were given last-



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minute details on weather and on air-sea rescue . . ."

In *Mr. President* Harry S. Truman wrote: "I . . . agreed to the use of the atomic bomb if Japan did not yield.

"I had reached a decision after long and careful thought. It was not an easy decision to make. I did not like the weapon. But I had no qualms if in the long run millions of lives could be saved.

"The rest is history."

*August 6.* The Air Force history states:

"At 0245 on 6 August Tibbets lifted the *Enola Gay* off the runway and was followed at two-minute intervals by the two observation planes. The trip out was uneventful, with a rendezvous at Iwo Jima where the slow climb to bombing altitude began. Tibbets was to select the target on the basis of reports from the weather planes, but was to bring back the bomb if all [the] cities were hidden by cloud. At 0815 he received the report from Hiroshima: '2/10 lower and middle, and 2/10 at 15,000 feet.' This sealed the city's doom. . . . The initial point was reached at 0911, and as the *Enola Gay* swung into her short run-in, the bombardier . . . navigator . . . and radar operator . . . took over. At 0915 (0815 Hiroshima time) Ferebee toggled the bomb out; the altitude was then 31,600 feet, the ground speed 328 m.p.h. Ferebee gave the controls back to Tibbets who executed a violent turn of 150 degrees and nosed down to gain speed."

*August 8.* Russia declared war on Japan.

*August 9.* A plutonium bomb was dropped on Nagasaki.

*August 14.* Japan surrendered.

*September 21.* On this day the President's Cabinet first wrestled with the problems of atomic policy, secrecy, and an approach to the Russians. For Secretary Stimson, white-haired and frail, it was also his seventy-eighth birthday and his very last day in office.

After a birthday luncheon he went to the Cabinet meeting, where his thoughts on the bomb, which he had already presented to the President in a memorandum, precipitated a stormy discussion, and the longest meeting Truman's Cabinet had had up to that time.

Stimson's memorandum read in part:

". . . I consider the problem of our satisfactory relations with Russia as not merely connected with but as virtually dominated by the problem of the atomic bomb. Except for [that] problem . . . those relations, while vitally important, might not be immediately pressing.

". . . Those relations may be perhaps irretrievably embittered by the way in which we approach the solution of the bomb with Russia. For if we fail to approach them now and merely continue to negotiate with them, having this weapon rather ostentatiously on our hip, their suspicions and their distrust of our purposes and motives will increase . . .

". . . I think the bomb . . . constitutes . . . a first step in a new control by man over the forces of nature too revolutionary and dangerous to fit into the old concepts. I think it really caps the climax of the race between man's growing technical powers for destructiveness and his psychological power of self-control and group control—his moral power. If so, our method of approach to the Russians is a question of the most vital importance in the evolution of human progress."

Stimson advocated a direct approach to Russia, and he alone in that day put emphasis upon the possibility of mutual development of atomic power as an avenue to mutual trust:

". . . My idea of an approach to the Soviets would be a direct proposal after discussion with the British that we would be prepared . . . with the Russians . . . to control and limit the use of the atomic bomb . . . and so far as possible to direct and encourage . . . peaceful and humanitarian purposes. . . . We might also consider including in the arrangement a covenant with the U.K. and the Soviets providing for the exchange of benefits of future developments whereby atomic energy may be applied on a mutually satisfactory basis for commercial or humanitarian purposes. . . . I emphasize perhaps beyond all other considerations the importance of taking this action with Russia as a proposal of the United States—backed by Great Britain but peculiarly the proposal of the United States."

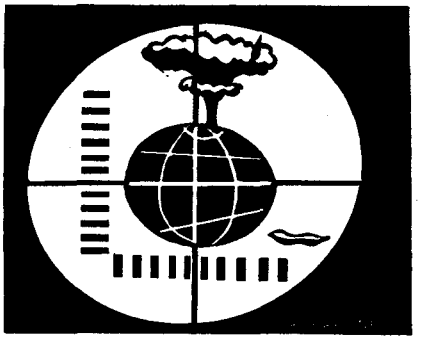
Later Stimson was to ask himself the question, "What if the man whose trust you sought was a cynical 'realist' who did not choose to be your friend?"

But in that Cabinet meeting, "It was Stimson's primary object to turn the thoughts of his colleagues back to the great principle of direct negotiation on basic issues which had been so long pursued by Franklin Roosevelt, and upon which Stimson's whole experience in forty years of public service had led him to rely."

Stimson's views were seconded by Henry Wallace and were opposed by Vinson and Forrestal. The latter advocated that we should keep "the secret" as a trust, as countries sometimes kept trusteeship of islands in the Pacific. The following month in a press conference, Mr. Truman confirmed the growing American conception of the atomic secret as a virtually unbreakable monopoly. On October 27, 1945, Truman spoke of atomic energy as a "sacred trust."

The heated discussion at the Cabinet meeting made Stimson an hour late for his scheduled departure from Washington Airport, where ". . . to my surprise was a huge meeting of apparently all the general officers in Washington . . . together with my . . . personal civilian staff. . . . These men had been standing there for an hour because . . . the Cabinet meeting had lasted so long. . . ." After a nineteen-gun salute Stimson shook hands with General Marshall and his civilian secretaries, and boarded his plane.

None of those bidding him goodby knew that on his last day in public life Henry Stimson had made the heads of the U.S. government face for the first time the need for formulating an atomic policy.





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# 'Ethics in Government' And the Use of FBI Files

FRANCIS BIDDLE

THE SAME CONSTITUTION which gives the government power to protect itself against treason also provides certain rights for citizens who have been accused but not tried. I am convinced that the balance that must be struck between the powers of government and the rights of citizens has been upset by a recent event – Attorney General Herbert Brownell's use of an FBI report for political purposes.

Mr. Brownell stated in his testimony before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee that the speech he had given before a luncheon club in Chicago referred "to the case of Harry Dexter White and the manner in which it was treated by the prior Administration to illustrate how successfully espionage agents had been in penetrating our government at that time and how lax our government was at that time in meeting such a grave problem." But there was actually only one new fact that emerged from his speech and testimony; it was that former President Truman had been warned about White. The rest was old stuff. It is clear that Mr. Brownell's motivations were political. He called his speech "Ethics in Government."

NOW THERE IS nothing wrong with a politician, even the Attorney General, acting politically. Surely there is nothing evil about flaying your opponent on inefficiency, on maladministration, on failure to act where action is indicated, on graft and corruption, even if the primary motive is to keep him out and keep yourself in. No Administration should be allowed to cover its dishonesty or even its mistakes. And the shrill wails from the Democrats that these moves were political and therefore damnable, as if Democrats had never been motivated by political purposes, are as disingenuous as the pious protests of the Republicans that the idea of politics never entered their minds.

But in some circumstances even a politician must not act politically. He must not act politically if to do so would betray a trust. Wendell Willkie knew this and in the 1940 campaign refused to attack the Roosevelt Administration on the ground that it circumvented Congress in sending destroyers to Britain; and four years later Governor Dewey followed the same course in refusing to make political capital of his private knowledge that we had broken the Japanese code before Pearl Harbor.

MR. BROWNELL has, it seems to me, not only shattered an established precedent and a great tradition of the Department of Justice; he has violated his duty to the American people. Heretofore the Attorney General has not publicly condemned persons under investigation whom he may later have to prosecute. It is not considered appropriate that he should even comment on any pending case. His duty is clearly not to reveal secret information about persons who have not been brought to trial.

The Attorney General is the head of a great Department of government with many functions—criminal prosecutions against violators of Federal law; civil suits by the United States; enforcement of the anti-trust laws; the administration of the Immigration and Naturalization Service; the rendering of legal advice to the President and the Cabinet. He is a Cabinet officer whose duties are not only to prosecute wrongdoers but also to defend and support the Constitution—to defend and support civil rights and civil liberties.

In 1939, Frank Murphy, then Attorney General, established a Civil Rights Section within the Criminal Division to encourage more vigorous use of the laws dealing with those rights and to centralize responsibility for their enforcement. The protection of minority groups became the special function of the section, and convictions were obtained under the civil-rights statutes enacted to give content to the three great Amendments to the Constitution adopted after the Civil War. These convictions were based on the violation of the Constitutional rights of American citizens—peonage, mob violence, and illegal exclusion from the ballot.

The Attorney General is not a judge. His function is not to announce to the country the names of those who are guilty or innocent. Under our American system, that is for the jury at a public trial. The Attorney General must be impartial; must not condemn in advance without a hearing, without evidence, or on secret evidence; must not face the accused with anonymous and hence



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uncontradictable material from files marked SECRET.

We must not let our judgment be obscured by our natural distrust for this sorry crew—White and the rest of them. All of us are involved. We are all affected, anyone whose name may appear in a secret file to be pulled out by the Attorney General at his discretion.

Mr. Brownell said about White: "Harry Dexter White was a Russian spy"—and added: "Harry Dexter White was known to be a Communist spy by the very people who appointed him." He could not make public the full text of the FBI memorandum even now, he added, "without compromising important information. . . . But there is no reason why the Senate could not be informed of the *established fact* [italics mine] that White was a spy." The established fact of White's guilt was supposedly based on the FBI report, which he could quote from to sustain this assertion, even if he could not make it public. The FBI had reported that the information in the file had come from sources whose reliability had been established. In effect the Attorney General was asking the nation at large to pronounce a verdict on the basis of anonymous hearsay and on only those parts of the evidence he considered that the public could be trusted to hear.

### A Neat Distinction

In his testimony before the Senate committee Mr. Brownell insisted on the inviolability of FBI files. It is hard to escape the impression that he was worried about the "exposure" that he was making. After all, Mr. Brownell is a lawyer, and he may also have remembered that he was Attorney General of the United States. He admitted that exposure was a serious business, not usually to be resorted to. "I fully realize," he told the subcommittee, "these grave responsibilities which I have as chief law enforcement officer of this nation not to use confidential reports in my possession to disclose charges against individuals except through established court procedures."

It is not quite clear what he means by this. Confidential reports are not disclosed through court procedures, unless, as in the Coplon case, the court forces their disclosure. Courts still usually require testimony, and by no stretch of a definition could the subcommittee before which the Attorney General was testifying be considered a court. Nor was the "procedure" before the committee an "established court procedure." No defendants were there; no wit-

nesses were called. This was an investigation. Mr. Brownell would have been more accurate if he had defined the extent of his responsibility as not to use confidential reports except through the "established Congressional procedures." In other words, he seemed to mean that he must not talk about secret files at a press conference, but that it was all right to spill them to a Congressional committee—a neat distinction.

He says he is solicitous about individuals. Let us take the individuals involved—first, Mr. Truman. I had supposed heretofore that confidential communications to any President of the United States could not be disclosed, even by the Attorney General of a succeeding President. This FBI report from which Mr. Brownell was quoting was a confidential communication to the President. Mr. Brownell realized his duty to protect the FBI; he could not release the report. But apparently it did not occur to him that his duty might also include an obligation not to reveal confidential communications to the President.

Grave charges are made against White, but he is dead; the disclosure cannot affect him. However, the others—Silvermaster, Perlo, Glasser, Coe, Ullman, Silverman, Halperin, and Kaplan—are alive. Presumably they have been under surveillance for six years and still are. In substance the Attorney General has judged them to be spies. He also mentioned William Henry Taylor and Irving Friedman. Robert Morris, counsel for the subcommittee, said that these two men had been called in executive session but that the sub committee felt that the cases against them had not been completed.

If these men are under continuing investigation, they may some day be tried. Do not these remarks of the Attorney General of the United States, the official who would be charged with their prosecution if they were brought to trial, prejudice their case in advance? Could not valid objections be made to the Attorney General—or even to one of his subordinates—pressing a case about which he had already made up his mind and expressed his opinion in public?

Mr. Brownell, in order to explain this disclosure, said that it was old stuff. The only new fact which was not known was that the reports had been brought to Mr. Truman's attention; the basic facts of the two spy rings had been exposed in court and before Congressional committees. He didn't say to what extent Congressional committees had had access to the reports, or whether the future policy of the Department of Justice would be to permit them to be so used—a most radical departure from long-established practice. "The only disclosure which I made from our records," he testified, ". . . is that the Truman Administration was put on notice at least as early as December, 1945, that there were two spy rings operating within our government." Why, then, should the reports not be made public? Because, Mr. Brownell explained, such publicity would jeopardize "confidential sources of information." But he had no objection to disclosing the essential facts to the subcommittee. Senator McClellan (D., Arkansas) then asked him whether he had consulted with J. Edgar Hoover in making the evaluation. But Mr. Brownell said he "would like to have Mr. Hoover state his own part in it."

At the end of the testimony Senator McClellan pressed Mr. Brownell again: "What constructive public interest did you have in mind would be served by you making such charges against the former President of the United States?" To which the Attorney General answered: "I believe in freedom of information. I



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believe that when a situation like this exists in government, that no man in office, no matter how high his position [that is, the Attorney General], should withhold those facts if he can expose them without endangering the national security. I did not endanger the national security by doing what I did, and I hope and pray that I have performed a significant public service."

THIS IS Mr. Brownell's final statement to defend and excuse his exposure. He does not consider the harm that may be done to individuals by making such disclosures, but only "national security," which he conceives to be synonymous with noninterference in pending FBI investigations. He does not seem to realize that national security also involves, in our country at least, the consideration of individual human beings—*their* rights, *their* security, *their* protection. The violation of these rights does not strengthen national security but threatens it.

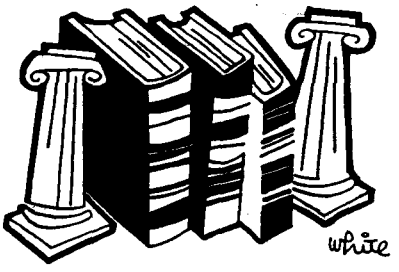
He nowhere states what the future policy of the Administration concerning the use of secret FBI reports will be. Will they be used in their entirety to help Congressional investigations, or only such part of the file as the Attorney General may approve? Will the "substance" of the derogatory information be given, as here, and the names of those being investigated, and only the evidence itself be withheld? Will anyone else have access to the files? Loyalty files, which heretofore have been protected by an executive order, are apparently being so used. On November 18 the Washington *Post* reported that the summary of a loyalty file of a former government employee, Solomon Adler, was put into the public record by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee the day after Mr. Brownell's appearance. When asked about this, Counsel Robert Morris said, "We just happened to have it. That is all." And Senator Jenner, to a question as to the source of the file, answered: "We just don't talk about that."

### The FBI in Peace and War

In 1924, the year J. Edgar Hoover became head of the FBI, Harlan Fiske Stone, who was then Attorney General, expressed concern over the effect of such an organization on American traditions. "There is always the possibility," he stated, "that a secret police system may become a menace to free government and free institutions." In spite of that possibility, Attorney General Stone, doubtless remembering the Black Tom explosions of 1916 resulting from German sabotage, saw the necessity for a Federal police system. Yet he must also have remembered the illegal raids against radicals only four years before, under A. Mitchell Palmer.

The jurisdiction of the Bureau covered domestic crime generally. Many agencies of the government had been active in the fields of sabotage and espionage, a situation which, particularly during the First World War, created confusion and ineffective operation. When I was Attorney General from 1941 to 1945, all espionage and sabotage investigations and responsibility for national security were centered in the FBI under a directive issued in 1939 by President Roosevelt. In 1947 the Bureau's jurisdiction was further broadened by President Truman's order providing that it should assume a major part of the Federal loyalty investigations, which up till then had been handled chiefly by the Civil Service Commission.

This was a disagreeable and difficult assignment. Loyalty is an attitude of mind. The discovery of disloyalty inevitably involves the imponderables of opinion, of gossip,




and of hearsay. There are few objective standards.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Hoover disliked this job from the start and at times tried to have some other organization perform it. He has an alert sense of the standing of the Bureau in community opinion, and must have realized that the new work might affect its reputation.

The loyalty and espionage reports of the FBI differ in purpose and content from those dealing with conventional crimes like counterfeiting, fraudulent use of the mails, and interstate transportation of stolen automobiles. The latter reports go to the appropriate prosecuting officer of the Federal government for the preparation of the case for trial. The names of the prospective witnesses are given, since they are to be brought into court. The report really forms the basis of a trial brief. Often it may be sent back by the lawyer in charge to obtain further information or investigation.

But "subversive" reports are of a different nature. They are highly secret, and are sent to the Attorney General for his personal information. The names of informers do not appear. The reports may or may not bring about ultimate prosecution.

As Mr. Hoover testified before the Jenner Committee, the FBI does not express opinions or draw conclusions. But it must and does "evaluate" its "sources of information," as Mr. Hoover phrased it. In other words, the FBI states whether a witness is reliable or unreliable, and this evaluation is enormously important to the official whose duty is to determine what action should be taken.

MR. HOOVER is perhaps a little oversensitive about criticism of his Bureau and attacks on its work. "Over the years," he testified before the Jenner Committee, "the FBI has been the target of attack from persons both in and out of government because of its investigations of subversive activities." He has no reason to be disturbed by such attacks. The public considers—and rightly, I think—that Mr. Hoover's direction of the Bureau for twenty-eight years has been outstandingly competent and successful. There are several reasons for this opinion: The record of successful convictions from cases prepared by the FBI is remarkably high. Although not under Civil Service, the appointments have been nonpolitical. And its personnel, well paid as government people go, carefully trained and good-mannered, have contrasted favorably with those in municipal organizations. The third degree, a not infrequent practice in other police agencies, does not exist in the FBI, and there has



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been no corruption in its administration. That people do not look upon Mr. Hoover's organization as political accounts chiefly for the respect with which the public, including Congress, regards it.

It is true that the Director has been accused of courting publicity, and there can be no question that he knows its value and knows how to keep the results of his work constantly before the public. At the same time he has managed to remain aloof from political strife.

IN LINE with this policy, and because, as he testified before the Jenner Committee, he regards the Bureau as a service agency, he has always taken a firm position that he will not permit FBI reports to be used except for the purpose for which they are intended—to "secure facts upon which determinations can be made by those officials of the United States government who have the responsibility for taking whatever action is indicated." He will generally not permit files to go to Congressional committees. Up until now he has been supported in this stand by every President, and at times, in fact almost continously, a fight has raged between Congress and the Chief Executive over this position. Mr. Hoover takes this position not only to protect his informants but to preserve the whole system. It applies not merely to cases where the security of the country is involved but also to the investigation of every Federal appointee by the President—not merely for loyalty but for fitness. Appointments to the Federal bench, for instance. How frankly would members of the bar talk to an FBI agent about a judicial candidate if they knew that their opinions might be quoted? How many answers to questions about the proposed nominee's honesty and ability begin: "Now don't quote me, but . . ."?

Of course exceptions are made to the rule. The substance of the file may be given to the Judiciary Committee in executive session, or a summary of the file left briefly with the chairman. But Mr. Hoover has never admitted that any committee of Congress has a right to examine FBI files or can force them into the open by subpoena. On the whole, he has wisely and successfully maintained the principle that investigations should be used only for the purposes for which they were made.

Mr. Brownell ducked Senator McClellan's question whether Mr. Hoover agreed with his résumé of the file, and Mr. Hoover did not refer to it. Nor has it been revealed whether Mr. Brownell consulted Mr. Hoover before his talk in Chicago. It would not be in accordance with the rigorously sustained practice which I have described for Mr. Hoover to approve the use of the file as it was used. He may not have been consulted; or, being consulted, he may have taken the position that it was not his business to determine how his chief should use the file; or he may have felt that the "blindness" of the former Administration, as Mr. Brownell put it, should be shown up.

But the responsibility is the Attorney General's. Mr. Hoover is his subordinate. Unless he decides to resign he must follow directions.

### Happy Hunting Ground

And what are the implications of Mr. Brownell's conception of his duty as to the use of these secret reports? Apparently that they can be used at any time, at any place, for any reason the Attorney General thinks may be in the public interest, as long as the FBI's sources of information are not endangered. If he may not divulge the whole file, he can summarize it, or a portion of it, and give his official conclusion of guilt or innocence. There are probably several million reports on individuals in the FBI files, and the Attorney General has access to all of them. What a happy political hunting ground!

JOHN LORD O'BRIAN, now one of the leaders of the District of Columbia bar, is a Republican with a long and distinguished career in public service. In 1938 he was the Republican candidate for the United States Senate from the State of New York. During the First World War, from 1917 to 1919, he headed the War Emergency Division of the Department of Justice as Assistant Attorney General in charge of espionage cases. Some time ago he contributed an article to the *Harvard Law Review* on guilt by association, in which he discussed the use of FBI reports. He pointed out that we had been repeatedly assured "by the very efficient head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation" that the Bureau simply reported information without attempting to indicate any determination. Because of the fact that ordinarily informants were not named, it was difficult for a reviewing officer to determine what weight should be attached to the statements in the file. He then spoke of the "vast numbers of governmental secret dossiers filled with information as to the private lives and activites of public employees"—and, he might have added, of private individuals. The House Committee on un-American Activities had, he said, according to its own statements, listed between 600,000 and 1,000,000 persons and organizations in its files; the FBI must have hundreds of thousands. "What must be," he asked, "the inevitable effect of this kind of institutional practice, with its secret investigations and vast numbers of secret dossiers, upon the freedom of the individual?" This was written in 1948, before the investigations under Mr. Truman had further swelled the files.

These questions go far beyond personalities, probe deeper into fundamentals than any consideration of the action of Mr. Brownell. In the past Americans have been loath to grant too much power to the Executive, separating state functions, keeping them apart, distrusting the unrestrained power of government. They have said in their Constitution that no man shall be obliged to incriminate himself, that the right of the people to be secure in their persons and effects against unreasonable searches shall be protected, that persons shall not be held to answer for infamous crimes except upon a grand-jury indictment. Isn't it the duty of the Attorney General to see that these Constitutional protections are not violated in spirit as well as in letter?


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# The Philippines Awaits a New Deal

TILLMAN DURDIN

MANILA

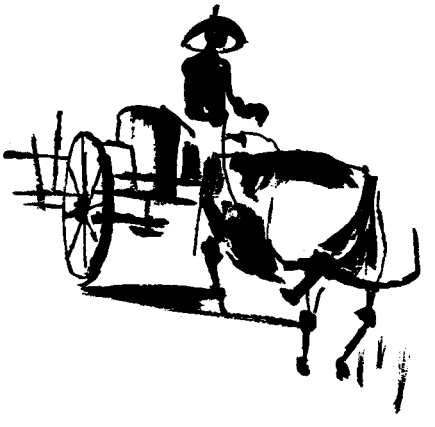
DESPITE flagrant attempts to prevent a free and honest vote, the unsavory Quirino régime was defeated at the polls on November 10. And as a result, a new feeling of optimism is spreading through the Philippines. President-elect Ramón Magsaysay, it is generally thought, will lead the nation to new economic and social progress as well as to morality in government.

The backing of two well-entrenched oligarchic groups, the Nacionalista and Democratic Parties, was an important factor in Magsaysay's victory, but the most significant feature of the elections was the passionately enthusiastic support Magsaysay drew from the masses and the country's growing middle class. The common *tao*—the farmer and laborer—voted for Magsaysay in overwhelming numbers, often in defiance of threats and intimidation by Quirino-supporting employers and Liberal Party henchmen. High official position in the Philippines has heretofore been the exclusive domain of the landowning gentry. The son of a farmer and blacksmith, Magsaysay is the first man of humble birth to become President, and the Filipino people are acutely aware of this fact.

For several years the majority of the Filipino people had come to regard the Quirino Administration with growing disgust. Liberal Party men and their relatives, including Antonio Quirino, the President's brother, grew wealthy from special privilege and government-tolerated rackets. Favored vested interests waxed fat on easy credits from state institutions and immunity from taxation. In Manila gun-toting underworld characters were wont to consort openly with individuals close to the Presidential Malacañan Palace.

There were able and honest men in the Liberal Administration, and it achieved an appreciable amount of postwar rehabilitation, including a number of major irrigation and hydroelectric projects. But it left basic social and economic ills uncured: The peasants of landlord-ridden central Luzon continued to live in misery, unemployment increased, and the poor went on struggling against oppressive odds to win even a meager existence.

When Magsaysay quit his post as Defense Secretary in the Quirino



Cabinet early in 1953 to denounce the Administration, he became the focus for embittered and rebellious opposition to the régime. The Magsaysay victory gave dramatic proof of the Filipino people's capacity for democratic action.

THE LIBERALS had made careful arrangements to win by fraud and coercion. As in 1949, when Quirino was elected by means of large-scale intimidation and ballot-box tampering, the Administration reshuffled civil and police officials in the provinces so that key posts connected with election affairs were in what were considered dependable hands. In many areas armed plain-clothes gangs were attached to police and Constabulary forces to threaten Opposition leaders and coerce voters.

In protest against such schemes more than a million people, including hundreds of thousands of poor farmers, housewives, and small businessmen who had never before been active in politics, enlisted in the Magsaysay-for-President Movement (MPM). Half a million dollars, mostly in small donations, poured into Magsaysay's campaign chest. Squads of men and women, many of them armed with clubs and knives, were organized to watch the polls and shepherd voters to the booths in groups for mutual protection against intimidators. The National Movement for Free Elections, Catholic Action, and many other organizations developed militant free-vote campaigns and poll-watching programs. The Nacionalista and Democratic party machines provided money and tactical advice, and, together with the MPM, infiltrated the Liberals so widely that virtually every Liberal plan or plot was discovered and exposed. Torrents of embarrassing publicity greeted any irregular move by the Liberals.

On Election Day the Liberal Party machine, confronted by such a counteroffensive, simply failed to function. Many officials who had been counted on to help commit frauds and terrorize the Opposition played the game safe—and straight. Arrangements that had been made by various groups, including newspapermen, to watch the counting and ascertain vote totals at election booths permitted a quick nationwide unofficial tabulation of returns and made doctoring the results al-



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most impossible. The Administration was forced to decide that it could not falsify returns on a large enough scale to re-elect itself and could not control enough of the military, police, and Constabulary to keep itself in power by force.

### The New No. 1

Ramón Magsaysay is the first President-elect upon whom American cultural influences have been much stronger than Spanish. He does not even speak Spanish. Magsaysay belongs to a new generation that matured during a period when the impact of the United States on the Philippines had superseded the lingering effects of four centuries of Spanish rule. Certainly one basis of Magsaysay's appeal to his people is that he is thoroughly and authentically Filipino, with the brown skin and volatile temperament of his race. But many American traits and attitudes come naturally to him.

Magsaysay was born forty-six years ago in Zambales Province, not far from the American naval base at Subic Bay, in an area where Filipinos and Americans remained in close association for decades. A farm boy as a youngster, he put himself through college in Manila by doing odd jobs such as repairing automobiles. After graduation he became a mechanic and eventually shop foreman of a Manila transportation company. He joined the 31st U.S. Infantry at the outbreak of war with the Japanese and fought in the Zambales hills as a guerrilla leader after the fall of Bataan. He became military governor of Zambales for a short period after the end of the war, and was elected to Congress in 1946. Quirino made him Secretary for National Defense in the fall of 1950 when the American government refused to continue arms aid to the Philippines until the Liberal Administration cleaned up its military establishment and put an honest, energetic man in charge of fighting the Communist-led Hukbalahap terrorists. Magsaysay became a national hero by shattering the Huk movement.

Rigorously honest, Magsaysay turned down repeated bribe offers when in the Quirino Administration. He began his job as Defense Secretary by keeping a rendezvous alone, unarmed, and at night with a Huk agent who had been sent to kill him. Magsaysay persuaded the man to surrender and work against the Communists. Magsaysay has become a dynamic public speaker in English as well as in Tagalog and Ilokano, the two chief Filipino languages. When he is on tour in the countryside, people travel by cart or afoot for miles to hear him; sometimes they wait all night for him to appear. Magsaysay is proud of his identity with the common people and likes to mingle and discuss problems with simple barrio dwellers.

Magsaysay makes no effort to conceal his liking for Americans and for the United States, which he has visited twice. He thinks the destiny of the Philippines is closely linked with that of the United States and sees no point in being anything but frank about it.

### Promises and Plans

The President of the Philippines has more domestic authority than his counterpart in the United States. Magsaysay will have tremendous opportunities to further economic advance in a young republic that has great resources and potential for development.

If Magsaysay can establish an honest and efficient Administration, this will in itself produce a new national confidence and lead to new prosperity. Quirino will leave an empty treasury, but rigorous and impartial collection of taxes and the efficient operation of government departments and revenue-producing enterprises should square income with basic expenditures eventually. American economic aid, more efficiently used, should make a greater contribution to improved economic and social conditions, which will, in turn, facilitate the final cleanup of the Communist-led Huk rebels.

Agrarian and other economic reforms will be Magsaysay's most difficult problem. His natural sympathy for the little man, his own peasant origin, and the lessons he learned as Defense Secretary about rural poverty and its relations to Communism have made Magsaysay keenly aware of the need for improving the living standards of the rural masses. In this sphere he can expect to meet with opposition from those members of his own party who belong to the well-to-do landowning Filipino upper crust and are by nature bitterly opposed to any measures that might weaken their dominant social and economic position. Ragged Filipino laborers and peasants stir little sympathy from the oligarchs who hold the seats of Congress and most top administrative jobs in government.

Laws already on the books but widely ignored provide for a 70-30 division of crops in favor of tenant farmers and for curbs on the usurious interest rates they now pay. Such laws will enable Magsaysay to ameliorate rural conditions considerably—if he can find officials who will enforce them.

Magsaysay will find difficulty in filling his top administrative positions with competent men. The Philippines has a shortage of experienced people suited for high government posts, and a number of Cabinet-grade individuals in Magsaysay's Nacionalista Party are Senators and unavailable for the executive branch of government. Many of the men who served the Quirino Administration will probably not be acceptable to Magsaysay, although he has announced he will choose personnel on the basis of merit rather than political affiliation.

PENDING issues between the Philippines and the United States should become easier to settle after Magsaysay's inauguration. Under the Bell Act, both the United States and the Philippines are due to begin applying tariffs on each other's products in 1954. The Philippines has been asking for continued tariff exemptions beyond 1954 on some products, and the new Government will have the delicate task of balancing off concessions and requests in negotiations with Washington. There are also questions regarding American military bases in the Philippines to be cleared up. Magsaysay's own training as Quirino's Minister of Defense will doubtless facilitate a settlement.

Magsaysay will also fall heir to the



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problem of reparations from Japan and the conclusion of a Philippines-Japan peace treaty. Magsaysay has said, "We will be reasonable." The Senate's treaty-ratifying powers give that body a decisive voice, but prospects are brighter under Magsaysay for improved co-operation between the two countries.

The Nacionalista-Democratic coalition that backed Magsaysay will have a majority in both the Senate and the House, but among both the Nacionalistas and the Democrats are individuals just as susceptible to corruption as any of Quirino's Liberals and just as wedded to the vested interests.

The new President's main lever in getting his way with Congress will be his tremendous personal popularity. He was elected largely by people who believed in him and not necessarily in his party. In the elections Juan de la Cruz—the Filipino man in the street—tasted for the first time the satisfaction of independent action. Juan will never be the same again, and Magsaysay and his Administration will have to gratify some of his desires or face mass dissatisfaction more militant than it has been heretofore. Whether Magsaysay realizes this clearly and, if he does, whether he can carry conservative political associates along with him in a reform program remains to be seen.

**Pacific Repercussions**

The election has increased the Asian and world prestige of the Philippines and of democracy, and has reflected credit on the influences implanted in the Philippines by the United States. Magsaysay is known in Asia as a strong man, and his election is a blow not only to Communism in his own country but, in lesser degree, to Communist influence in the rest of Asia. His victory gives the

Philippines a chance to show that a democratic system in Asia can cope with social and economic distress.

Magsaysay, as a strong and able Asian nationalist, should improve his nation's standing with neutralist Indonesia, Burma, and India. He plans to visit Southeast Asia, and should be able to contribute to the improvement of American relations in the area.

The extent of Magsaysay's influence with other Asian countries will depend a great deal on how the United States handles its future dealings with the Philippines. If Americans take advantage of Magsaysay's trust and good will to seek special privileges or press strategic arrangements upon him that appear to infringe Philippine sovereignty or overtax Philippine capacities, the reaction both within the Philippines and elsewhere in Asia will be bad. The Philippines has frequently been branded a U.S. satellite. Quirino's allegations before the election that his opponent wanted Americans to police the voting made little difference with Filipinos at the time, but Magsaysay must now be careful not to give substance to Quirino's statements. To be most effective as a Filipino and an Asian leader, Magsaysay must stand up for Philippine rights and deal with the United States as the head of a friendly but distinctly independent nation.

# The Great Attack On Fort Monmouth

**DOUGLASS CATER**

AMONG the newspapermen assigned to follow the activities of Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, there are two who have displayed, each in his own way, remarkable devotion to duty.

One of them is Murrey Marder, a young man with a crew cut and a rather stubborn-looking face who works for the Washington *Post;* the other, Willard Edwards of the Washington *Times-Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune,* is middle-aged, short, and pudgy, and usually has a cigar in his mouth.

Their work throws the two men together quite a bit, demanding, as it does, a good deal of sitting around outside closed committee meetings, as well as crowding into the occasional hurly-burly interviews that are granted by the Senator from Wisconsin. One gets the impression that it is not a companionship Marder and Edwards would choose for themselves if it were left up to them. They differ on many things, including the question of how a reporter should do his work.

Edwards began his job as a reporter in Chicago in 1925 and came to Washington in 1935. Since that time he has witnessed a good many investigations and has handled a good many exposés. In the spring of 1950, Edwards told me that he had contributed material for McCarthy's speech at Wheeling, West Virginia, which will be remembered as the



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opening shot in the Senator's hunt for subversives.

Marder, on the other hand, looks upon journalism as something other than an arrangement by which the reporter and the person reported upon exchange mutually advantageous "information." In covering McCarthy he has attempted to develop the story behind the press release and the carefully staged press conference. Marder's kind of reporting is by all odds the more difficult. Sometimes it seems as if it were by all odds the more unrewarding.

### 'The Earmarks . . . of Espionage'

On October 7, 1953, there was a banner headline, 5 OUSTED IN RADAR SPY QUIZ, over Edwards's page 1 story in the *Times-Herald*. The story itself, which was copyrighted, began: "Two of the nation's top scientists, engaged in the development of America's radar defenses against enemy attack, have been suspended by the Army as security risks." The account went on to say that Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens was co-operating with the McCarthy subcommittee in an investigation of suspected espionage at the Army Signal Corps Laboratories at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Besides the five men suspended, thirty were said to be under investigation. There were definite links, according to Edwards, with the Rosenberg spy ring. "These developments were made known . . . as the military world was shaken to the core by the realization that its latest experiments in defense against atomic attack may be known to Russia."

Edwards had apparently scored a clean beat for his papers. The others, a day later, were obliged to quote from his story as source for most of the supposed facts about the investigation at Fort Monmouth. The Army would say little, admitting only that McCarthy's committee was being allowed to question its employees.

The scoop appeared to catch even Senator McCarthy by surprise — he was honeymooning in the British West Indies at the time. McCarthy's assistant, Roy Cohn, flew immediately to brief his boss, whereupon McCarthy cut short his honeymoon. By October 12 the Senator had returned to New York and announced to reporters that the situation had "all the earmarks of extremely dangerous espionage." Secretary Stevens would sit in on the hearings because they were so important, he said, adding that the investigation promised to be one of the most important he had undertaken. At a weekly press conference the next day, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson apparently agreed, saying, "It looks like it might be worse than just a security leak." The story promptly moved onto page 1 in the New York *Times*.

THIS WAS the beginning of an episode that recalls Plato's parable of the cave, in which the enchained captives were obliged to watch the shadows of reality being flashed across the cave's wall. In this case, the reporters were the captives, and the man with the magic lantern was Senator McCarthy. Once each day he would emerge from the closed committee hearings (closed to reporters but not closed to the wives of the committee members, not closed to staff assistants and various guests including a visiting Member of the British Parliament) with his own version of what had happened in the meetings.

Reporters had difficulty writing anything but sentences beginning "Senator McCarthy said . . ." At first most of them were fairly conscientious about making it clear that their information was all secondhand. The account of the hearings given in New York *Times* of October 13, for example, contained the phrase "Senator McCarthy said . . ." or some variation of it fourteen times. It appeared twenty-one times on October 14, with a single lapse when it was recorded simply that "The witness told the subcommittee . . ."

Such repetition seemed to gall the reporters' artistic sense, however, for lapses grew more frequent. Walter Arm's story in the October 16 New York *Herald Tribune*, for example, contained twenty-two attributions to McCarthy, but the writer had worked out various skillful ways of subordinating them, as can be seen in his second paragraph:

"Links between civilian employees at the fort and the spy executed for transmitting United States atomic secrets to Russia have cropped up constantly in testimony before the Senate Permanent Investigation subcommittee, of which the Wisconsin Republican is chairman, and because of it, Mr. McCarthy said, 'it will be absolutely necessary' to question David Greenglass, now serving fifteen years for espionage at the Federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa."

The New York *Times* account of October 23, written by Damon M. Stetson, gave seventeen attributions but nevertheless carried this curious lead paragraph:

"A German scientist has given testimony indicating that the Russians had access to secret radar information from the Evans Signal Laboratroy of the Army at Belmar, New Jersey." The fact that it was McCarthy and not Stetson who had heard and evaluated this testimony was not mentioned until the end of paragraph 2.

BUT BY FAR the most shadowy example of this shadow reporting occurred on October 16, when a witness was led weeping from the committee room and into another, which was promptly closed. The reporters saw the "pale and trembling" man only as he passed through the corridor. Later they were told by McCarthy that the witness had announced that he was lying and now wished to tell all. McCarthy also said, "The witness has indicated a great fear of the spy ring which has been operating within Governmental agencies including the Signal Corps."

The next day a page 1 lead in the New York *Times* continued and even extended the practice of downgrading the attribution to the second paragraph:

"An 'important' employee at the Army's Fort Monmouth, N. J., radar laboratories, a close friend of Julius Rosenberg, executed atom spy, broke down yesterday and agreed to tell all he knew about espionage rings.

"This 'most important development' at a hearing of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations was reported by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Republican of Wisconsin and subcommittee chairman."

The headline writers that day were even less equivocal. A two-column headline at the bottom of page 1 in the New York *Times* read:



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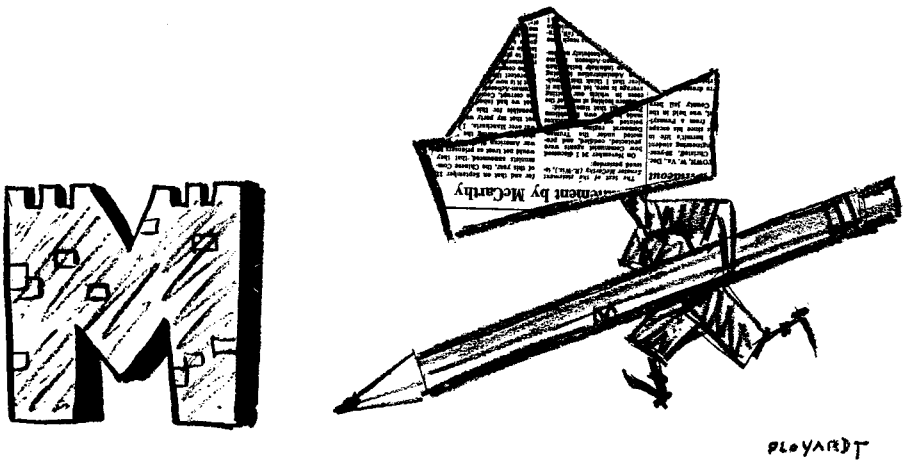


RADAR WITNESS BREAKS DOWN; WILL TELL ALL ABOUT SPY RING; and a two-column headline in the upper right-hand corner of page 1 in the *Herald Tribune* said: WITNESS CRACKS, BARES SPY RING AT RADAR CENTER.

The Washington *Times-Herald*, thanks to the ingenuity of Willard Edwards, was even able to quote the witness directly: "Tell the Senator I've been lying and want to tell all I know."

ALL IN ALL, Edwards was able to maintain an easy lead in the phantasmagorial procession of new sensations. On October 15, the Washington *Times-Herald* carried a copyrighted story by Edwards under the banner head REFUGEE EXPOSED SPY PLOT. Edwards related that a "refugee scientist from the Russian zone in Germany has supplied evidence that America's radar defense secrets flowed in a steady stream to the Soviet Union," and went on to say that the Washington *Times-Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* (apparently he was too modest to mention himself) had brought the report of this scientist's testimony to the McCarthy subcommittee back in September. This had previously been withheld, according to Edwards, "lest premature publicity interfere with the investigation." He didn't explain why disclosure was now being made even before McCarthy had dispatched an investigator to interview the scientist.

For Edwards, shadow reporting presented no problem at all. One would never know, to judge from his copy, that he had not been right in the committee room. His story of October 16, for example, begins: "The underground operations of Soviet spies in and about the Army Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, were brought to light by the McCarthy investigating subcommittee."

On October 24 the Washington *Times-Herald* decided to take public credit for its part in the affair. An editorial entitled "The Radar Spy Ring" commented:

"Call it disloyalty or call it stupidity, something is rotten when two newspapers and a Congressional Committee must act to break up a spy ring. . . . As our readers know, the newspapers were the Times-Herald and the Chicago Tribune. It was our distinguished reporter, Willard Edwards, who learned of the damning report made by a refugee scientist . . ."

### Eminent Boy Scientist

Even as other reporters tried desperately to keep pace with Edwards, the Monmouth spy story began to show signs of unraveling at the edges. For one thing, it was reported that the German scientist earlier referred to by McCarthy as "eminent" was approximately twenty-one years old and was reportedly working in an Army post exchange in the U.S. Zone of Germany. His story had been checked and found unsatisfactory by Army Intelligence nine months earlier. McCarthy, when pressed on this matter, conceded that the man was "under thirty."

Subsequently, the mysterious witness who had reportedly confessed all identified himself to the press as Carl Greenblum, an Army Signal Corps research engineer, and told quite a different story. He said that he had always been a very nervous person and had been additionally upset by the death of his mother two days before his interrogation by the McCarthy Committee. "It's true that I broke down and they took me to another room and brought in a doctor and a nurse," he said. "A few minutes later I sent word that I wanted to go back and tell my story from the beginning. That may have been interpreted to mean that I had been lying previously, but that certainly was not the case." As for McCarthy's mention of Greenblum's "close friendship" with atom spy Julius Rosenberg, Greenblum conceded knowing Rosenberg as a classmate at City College in New York, but said they were "only nodding acquaintances." Staff assistants to the committee have since hinted that they are going to get Greenblum for perjury.

### Old-Fashioned Leg Work

The Washington *Post*, unlike the Washington *Times-Herald*, assumed that facts as stated by Senator McCarthy frequently needed to be double-checked, and that the accumulating mass of hearsay evidence should be kept in proper perspective. *Post* reporter Marder had not bothered to "cover" the closed committee hearings in Monmouth and New York City. Instead, the *Post* used Associated Press stories. But on October 20, Marder began a reporting job which required leg work rather than a mere ability to take down what McCarthy said. His story next day carried a listing of the knowns and the unknowns of the Monmouth proceedings. He pointed out that it was only an "allegation" that a German scientist had seen microfilm documents from Monmouth—no confirmation had thus far been offered. It was unknown whether the suspensions of employees at Monmouth, daily growing in number, had any relation to espionage or were simply part of the regular security program. It was also unknown whether any present employees had used the Fifth Amendment to keep from testifying. His story indicated that the greatest source of confusion was Pentagon officialdom itself. On October 16, the Army, making its only statement on the charges, had issued a statement noting that Russia did receive some information during the Second World



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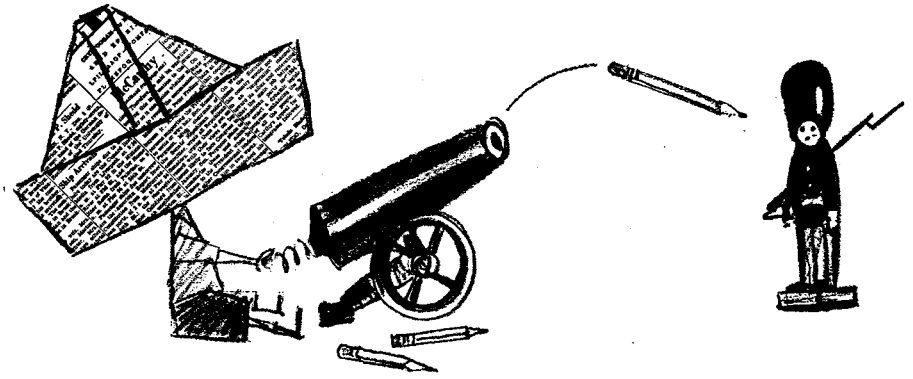

War under Lend-Lease and that there was "no evidence of microfilm copies of any Signal Corps classified documents having gone astray." At the same time Defense Secretary Wilson went on hinting about serious evidence that "will not be covered up."

On October 22, Marder scored a beat of sorts (it wasn't considered newsworthy by most other papers) when he caused Senator McCarthy to backtrack considerably on his own charges. McCarthy denied that he had ever claimed to have "disclosed espionage" at Monmouth, but conceded that he may have mentioned "alleged" espionage. He added that there was "evidence of espionage" but denied that this meant "proof of espionage." McCarthy said that he intended to let the evidence speak for itself.

A FEW DAYS later Marder went up to the Monmouth area and spent over a week working on his story. His task was rather more difficult than Edwards's had been. For one thing, the Monmouth laboratories are scattered over a fairly wide region in New Jersey and their employees are scattered even further. The Army did not provide much help, either in Washington or Monmouth. ("One of the first lessons I learned early in my Army career," a high Army officer told him, "was 'don't try to fight City Hall!' ") Nor was it an easy matter to persuade the employees themselves to talk. One low-paid clerk who had been suspended agreed to talk to Marder, but then, frightened, let his wife persuade him not to.

But others were willing to talk. Two prominent New Jersey lawyers, Harry Green, a Republican, and Ira J. Katchen, a Democrat, were representing a number of the suspended employees. Gradually Marder was able to piece together a substantial body of evidence. He examined ten of the eleven sets of charges given to suspended employees, together with the affidavits they were preparing in answer to those charges. On November 9, the Washington *Post* started a four-part front-page series by Marder that threw a new light on the Monmouth investigations.

"For over a month," Marder began, "this vital Army Signal Corps Center has been the target of sensational accusations, implications and innuendoes which portray it as a hotbed of communism and espionage." Marder was able to list some startlingly opposite conclusions. "No one now employed or recently suspended at this signal center has been accused of espionage or attempted espionage. . . . At least 31 civilian . . . personnel here have been suspended on security charges between September 28 and October 28, 1953. . . . as of last week, 19 of the suspended men had not been furnished with the charges against them. . . . Charges which have been received by the others include many allegations which go beyond anything that has ever come to public attention in the form of 'guilt-by-association' accusations. . . . Some officials in the Army itself . . . have said privately that they were 'shocked' and 'startled' by their sweeping nature." At least twelve civilians had been removed from access to classified documents and relegated to temporary limbo without any charges placed against them. Because of the way McCarthy conducted the investigation and his attack on the Loyalty Security Board, Marder reported, there was general bad morale at Monmouth and a disposition on the part of those suspended to believe that they would be unable to obtain fair, dispassionate decisions on the charges made against them.

Marder pointed out that it would be foolish to assume that there has never been or that there is not now an espionage agent at Fort Monmouth. Security officers, as General Walter Bedell Smith once said, must work under the assumption that espionage is always being attempted. "But the gap," Marder wrote, "between suspecting, believing, or even proving that espionage was committed here either during or after World War II and implying that espionage is being committed now is a great one that has been obscured in the headlines."

Marder's series gradually unfolded the true story of the suspicious happenings at Monmouth. It told not of spy rings but of a man with a radical brother-in-law, of another with an uneducated mother who had once voted for the American Labor Party. A security breach turned out to involve documents taken home for after-hours work by a man who was later reprimanded for violating security rules but praised for diligence in his job. If there were security risks at Fort Monmouth, the Army itself had initiated action against them well before McCarthy moved in with his talk of espionage.

### 'Teamwork'

What had happened to the Army leadership all this time? When the investigation started, Secretary of the Army Stevens had clamped a tight lid on the Army Information Office. He himself had attended a number of McCarthy's closed hearings, had toured the highly secret Evans Signal Laboratory with McCarthy, and on October 20 had announced to the press:

"This is good evidence of the kind of teamwork between the Executive and Legislative Branches of the Government which will clean up any situation that needs cleaning up. . . . I said recently that if any person was unwilling to answer the question of whether he was a Communist, there was no place for him in the Department of the Army."

The day after the Marder series ended, Stevens called a press conference for the first time. Here are some portions of the official transcript:

PRESS: In any of these cases is



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there any charge remotely relating to espionage?

MR. STEVENS: We have been unable to find anything relating to espionage. . . .

PRESS: Has there ever been any reason to believe espionage was ever committed at Fort Monmouth?

MR. STEVENS: Oh, I imagine. Fort Monmouth is a very serious thing; certainly a target for infiltration on the part of Communists. It has been for years and I think one would have to assume that there was an effort to infiltrate and, of course, since Rosenberg was around up there in that area—

PRESS: Excuse me, Mr. Secretary. He never actually worked there, did he, sir?

MR. STEVENS: I think that's correct. . . .

PRESS: Mr. Secretary, Mr. Wilson at a recent press conference said there is something to these charges of espionage. . . . Do you know what led him to say that?

MR. STEVENS: No, I haven't the remotest idea.

MR. STEVENS announced that there had been thirty-three suspensions as a result of the investigation and that already some of those suspended were "in process of being restored." In reply to a question about the documents reportedly found behind the Iron Curtain, Stevens said that the only known Fort Monmouth information in Russian hands was that which went to Russia during the Second World War under Lend-Lease or other similar authority.

The following day, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried an account of this conference on page 1 with a three-column headline: ARMY SAYS MCCARTHY UNCOVERED NO ESPIONAGE IN MONMOUTH INQUIRY.

The New York *Times* ran its page 1 account under this two-column headline: NO SPIES FOUND AT MONMOUTH NOW, BUT ARMY CONCEDES PAST ACTIVITY.

At the time Stevens held his press conference, a report was being circulated that he had worked out an agreement with McCarthy to call off the Monmouth investigation; indeed, McCarthy had already turned to an investigation of subversion at the General Electric Plant in Schenectady without announcing a fixed time for public hearings on Monmouth. Evidently Stevens's remarks broke the agreement wide open, for McCarthy forthwith announced that he was going ahead with public hearings. A few days later Stevens flew to New York and invited McCarthy to luncheon at the Merchants Club. They emerged arm in arm; Stevens announced to reporters that his previous remarks had referred only to the Army's investigation and not to the McCarthy hearings. Hadn't the Army been aware of what the McCarthy hearings unearthed? he was asked. Mr. Stevens replied, smiling, "I had no right to violate the executive sessions and I did not."

LATE in November, McCarthy conducted two days of open hearings in New York at which three witnesses refused to testify about alleged Communist activities and two declined to say if they had ever engaged in espionage. None were current or even recent Fort Monmouth employees; presumably they had been discharged some time before as security risks.

The investigation was not ended, McCarthy insisted. (He has never formally closed an investigation.) But his attention has been diverted by other matters, including a nationwide radio and television rebuttal to former President Truman, a popularity contest with President Eisenhower, and a flying trip back to Wisconsin to hunt deer and presumably to resume his interrupted honeymoon.

### Credit Where Credit Is Due

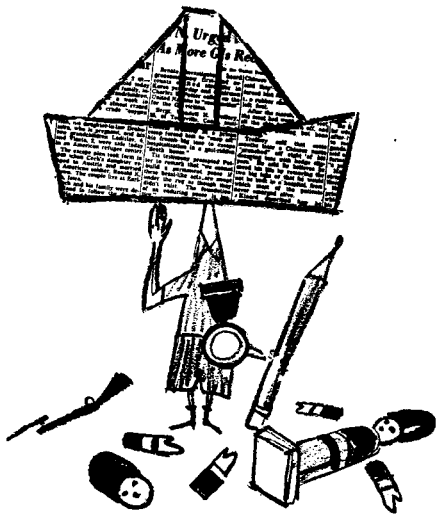
The case is certainly not closed. Walter Millis, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* on December 8, the same day McCarthy reopened public hearings on the case in Washington, described the preliminary results of the attack on Fort Monmouth in these words:

". . . This really vital and sensitive military installation has been wrecked—more thoroughly than any Soviet saboteur could have dreamed of doing it—by the kind of anti-Communism of which Senator McCarthy has made himself the leader and champion. . . .

"The whole proceeding is very much like driving a Patton M-47 tank through the heart of an electronic thinking machine on the unfounded suspicion that some of its electronic tubes might have been made in Russia. . . . The impairment of the national defense is something which no one whose life may one day hang upon the excellence of our radar screens can dare to disregard."

AS FOR THE two reporters, in late October more than one hundred civic and public-relations leaders gathered at the Burlington Hotel in Washington to pay tribute to Willard Edwards, the first individual to be so honored by the American Ideals Committee of the Washington Board of Trade. The *Times-Herald* correspondent was hailed as an outstanding authority on the fight against Communism; he was credited with "uncovering one of the major developments leading to the breaking of a vast spy ring." In accepting the citation, Edwards modestly declared that he could not have accomplished his feat "without the backing of a fearless newspaper." He also expressed gratitude to the "ten" Signal Corps Intelligence officers who had called his attention to subversion at Fort Monmouth in January, 1952. It was a frank admission that he and McCarthy had rehashed charges which had been thoroughly investigated by the then head of Army G-2, Major General A. R. Bolling, and found "groundless" (*The Reporter,* December 23, 1952, page 21). The House Un-American Activities Committee had probed the story at that time without results.

So far no one has given any medals to Murrey Marder.





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# How the Reds Came To Haugen, Wisconsin

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

THE NORTHERN half of Wisconsin, that part of the state which was covered by ice in the last glacial epoch, can generally be divided into two distinct economic segments. Where the great glaciers struck violently, they dug dozens of lakes in compact areas—areas now given over to the profitable summer-vacation trade. Where their advance was more orderly, the glaciers merely scraped off the topsoil and deposited untold tons of rocks and boulders, ruining what otherwise might have been good farmland.

Because the latter areas were isolated, they attracted people who were separated, by custom or belief, from the main stream of American life.

Gradually, tight little communities of these separatists grew up. Although the land was a hard master, providing a new crop of rocks each spring to replace those wrenched from the ground the previous year, most communities managed to eke out a living. Some, like the "Kaintucks" who had settled near Crandon to make bootleg whiskey for Al Capone, filled out their diet by year-round poaching on the deer, ducks, and grouse that abound in the area. Others, like the group of Finnish Trotskyites who migrated to the far north near Lake Superior, found part-time work in small mining ventures. Still others, like the group of illiterate Poles in eastern Forest County, set fires in the surrounding woods and then collected a dollar a day from the government to put them out.

Among the luckier colonies was the group of Bohemian anticlerics who established the township of Haugen in northwestern Wisconsin, where the glaciers had been most kind and where farming could provide a respectable income.

### Mlejnek, Subrt, Snobl

Five years ago, Haugen was the peaceful little hub of this community of some five hundred Bohemians, the largest families bearing names like Mlejnek, Subrt, and Snobl. At least, it was as peaceful as any town could be where half of the citizens had become devout Catholics and the other half had remained militant agnostics or, as they preferred to call themselves, "freethinkers." The pressures of conformity had driven the founding fathers to Haugen in the first place, and many of the older families looked askance at those neighbors who in later years had joined the town's only church.

The active opposition of the freethinkers, however, was limited to a mild form of ridicule. Religious differences never prevented freethinkers and Catholics alike from gathering at the barnlike local lodge of the Z.C.B.J. (Western Czech Benevolent Association) for periodic social festivities. And between such functions, most Haugen residents stoically tended their own businesses. Even when George Wavrunek resigned as Barron County Superintendent of Schools (a great local honor for tiny Haugen) to become a rural-free-delivery carrier, no one got upset. Wavrunek's explanation was reasonable: The R.F.D. job paid more.

IF ANY OF Haugen's more astute citizens had been three hundred miles to the southeast in Milwaukee five years ago and had bothered to drop in on the 1948 state Progressive Party convention, they might have guessed that Haugen's peace was to be rudely interrupted in the near future. The Milwaukee Communists had already received two hard blows in the spring of 1948. First, one of their long-time leaders, Sigmund Eisenscher, had run for mayor of Milwaukee and had received only 750 votes, coming in twelfth of fifteen candidates. Then, their most powerful confederate, Harold Christoffel, former president of UAW Local 248 at Allis-Chalmers, had been convicted of perjury in denying Communist Party affiliation.

Among those at the convention who recognized that Milwaukee was crumbling as a Communist Party stronghold was Mrs. Josephine Nordstrand, Milwaukee's leading female Communist. Several other Progressive delegates sympathized with Mrs. Nordstrand, some of them feeling that perhaps the time had come to shift the organizing campaign to the rural areas. A delegate from northwestern Wisconsin then suggested Haugen, where, in fact, the Bohemian freethinkers already shared religious sentiments with the Communist Party.

Mrs. Nordstrand was not one to turn away from such a suggestion. Then as now, she was state executive director of the Communist-front Civil Rights Congress. And in her day, she had also helped organize, in chronological order, the American League Against War and Fascism, the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Mothers Against War, the League for Peace and Democracy, the Win the War Organization, the American-Soviet Friendship Council, the Win the Peace group, and the Bring the Boys Back Home Committee. What Haugen needed, Mrs. Nordstrand quickly realized, was a strong Civil Rights Congress chapter. After all, hadn't there been a large Ku Klux Klan movement in Barron County as recently as 1927? And hadn't Sigmund Eisenscher been thrown in the lake in the late 1930's when he tried to make a speech in the town of Rice Lake, just seven miles south of Haugen?

Confronted at the rickety Milwaukee office of the Civil Rights Congress a short time ago, the short, stout, and talkative Mrs. Nordstrand freely conceded that the Haugen idea had appealed to her. At the time of my visit, unfortunately, she was much more concerned with a



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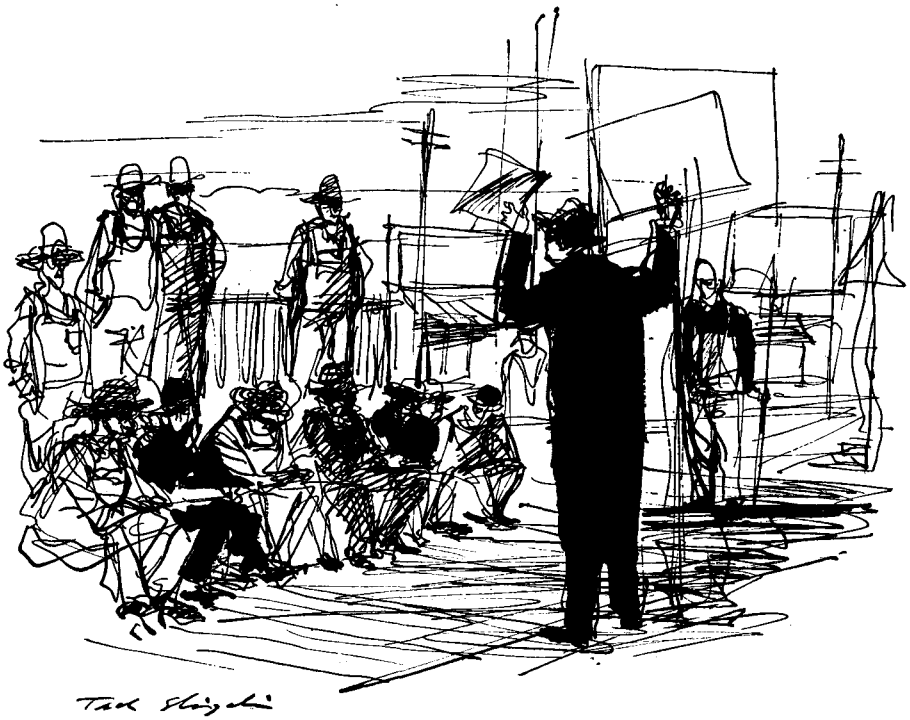
local Confederate flag fad, which she readily equated with Jim Crowism. It seemed an excursion boat in the Wisconsin Dells resort area in the central part of the state had been named the *Belle Boyd,* after a Confederate spy who died near The Dells. The fact that the boat carried a Confederate flag was bad enough. When a group of Virginians were invited to The Dells last summer to witness memorial services for Belle Boyd, Milwaukee Civil Rights Congress members reacted with a heated protest resolution.



With such matters on her mind, Mrs. Nordstrand could hardly be blamed for failing to remember the exact source of the Haugen suggestion, although she did agree it might have been any of a handful of old-line Wobblies and Communists who live in other parts of Barron County. Whoever the original contact man was, however, he did a good advance job. When Mrs. Nordstrand went north early in 1949 to speak at a meeting hall just outside Haugen, her reception was gratifying indeed. A Barron County Civil Rights Congress chapter was organized on the spot, and a young farmer and Second World War veteran named Lumir Subrt agreed to serve as secretary.

Subrt's leadership augured well for the new chapter. Not only was his family name one of the oldest and most respected in Haugen, but Lumir himself was the duly elected president of the Z.C.B.J. lodge. Mrs. Nordstrand pitched in by buying time for four fifteen-minute radio speeches over Rice Lake Station WJMC, speeches in which she said the nation was "being taken down the Hitler road." She also found a speaker for the first full-scale meeting of the Barron County C.R.C. Katherine Hyndman, a Yugoslavia-born woman then fighting deportation because of alleged Communist ties, was considered an excellent choice. Lumir Subrt agree to provide the Z.C.B.J. hall in Haugen, and the meeting was set for March 27.

### Girls and Guns

When news of the impending event leaked out, however, Father Benedict Bauer and other indignant Haugen citizens circulated a petition requesting the town board to ban any gatherings "not in conformity with American ideals and principles." More than a hundred local citizens signed the petition, including Lumir's brother, Phil Subrt. And when additional Z.C.B.J. members protested to Lumir against the use of their hall, the meeting was shifted to Barron, the county seat nineteen miles to the southwest.

The shift was enough to push Haugen into the columns of the New York *Daily Worker,* which reported: "A few reactionaries, led by a local Catholic priest, threatened to blow up the [Z.C.B.J.] hall and come to the meeting with guns." In answer, Father Bauer revealed his heavy artillery to a visiting newspaperman. It consisted of a group of small girls, instructed to march into the meeting at the Z.C.B.J. hall singing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "God Bless America," and other songs of a similar patriotic nature.

After the Hyndman meeting at Barron, the Haugen C.R.C. members returned home and got down to more routine assignments, like the distribution of pamphlets defending Harold Christoffel, Willie McGee, the Trenton Six, and the Martinsville Seven. They may also have raised some money: In April, the *Daily Worker* announced that four Communist Party clubs in Barron County had topped their quotas in a state-wide fund-raising drive.

Such activities did not escape the attention of the American Legion post in Rice Lake, and two Legion officials, Joe Tronick and Sam Rigler, began making local Americanism speeches. Rigler was bold enough to speak in Haugen, and a few days later he found a two-foot swastika flag nailed to his office door. A month later, after another speech, a noose was placed on the same door. The Barron County Civil Rights Congress showed no interest in these events.

In January, 1951, however, the local C.R.C. really sprang into action when Ku Klux Klan crosses were found on the property of two C.R.C. members. The *Daily Worker* promptly headlined HUNDREDS DEFY KKK TO DEMAND PEACE, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Anti-Defamation League each sent an agent north to investigate.

### The K.K.K. Crosses

The first K.K.K. cross, six feet high and adorned with a noose, was found January 10 on the farm of Herman Olson, outside Rice Lake. Olson, a veteran of many front groups, discovered the cross late at night, called the sheriff's office, and then—according to his own report—gave chase in his tractor to a suspicious passing car. He didn't catch



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the car, of course, but according to Roy Dodge, the undersheriff who came out to investigate the next morning, Olson's tractor and footprints did succeed in obliterating whatever marks the alleged perpetrator might have left in the soft snow.

The Barron County Civil Rights Congress purchased space in the weekly Rice Lake *Chronotype* to offer a hundred-dollar reward for information leading to the arrest of the guilty party. Ten days later, the reward was raised to $200 after a similar cross (a rusty butcher knife stuck into it this time) was found on the property of Lumir Subrt outside Haugen. The reward was never collected. Perhaps the county sheriff's office wasn't diligent in its investigation. Harry Jensen, who was sheriff at the time, recently said he had reason to suspect a young local prankster, but admitted he hadn't bothered to question the youth. "I just satisfied myself as to who done it," Jensen said. "Personally, I think he should have used the noose and the knife on Olson and Subrt instead of just sticking them to the crosses."

Such an attitude obviously is not likely to lead to arrest. On the other hand, the FBI agent did a thorough job and came up with an entirely different reason for failure to uncover the culprits. After all, he told friends, there was no evidence that either Olson or Subrt hadn't planted the crosses themselves.

### Guilt by Insurance Policy

Whatever the origin of the two K.K.K. crosses, such overt acts have not been repeated in the Haugen area. The Civil Rights Congress members, however, have continued their work, distributing the Stockholm "Peace Appeal" and passing out literature in defense of the Rosenbergs. And the community of Haugen remains split wide open politically.

A few sturdy citizens have resigned from the Subrt-controlled Z.C.B.J. lodge, and many more would follow suit, except that they don't want to lose the Z.C.B.J. insurance policies on which they have paid so many installments in the past. Family rifts have also developed over the pro-Communist issue. Old Frank Frolik, for example, tells in broken English of the C.R.C. boy and Catholic girl who married but later separated, at the urging of their respective parents, over the boy's political leanings. He also tells of his own brother, Joe Frolik, who has a farm just across the road from Frank's. "One day Joe come over and told me he's Communist. 'You're Communist too,' Joe tells me. 'Everybody in lodge is Communist, if they like it or not.' " Frank has accepted the guilt-by-association theory to the extent that he now refuses to let his wife or his son attend any of the Z.C.B.J. functions.

Even the Subrt family has been split. Lumir's young sister writes poetry about Negroes, which she submits to the *Chronotype,* apparently undiscouraged by repeated rejections. But Phil, who signed the original petition to deny the C.R.C. the right to meet in Haugen, remains doggedly opposed to his brother—especially since he almost lost his summer job at a nearby camp when some local citizens noted his relationship to Lumir and suggested he might be trying to subvert the Boy Scout movement.

When I visited Haugen last summer I called on both Herman Olson and Lumir Subrt, in hopes they could bring me up to date. I found Olson on his profitable, well-kept farm west of Rice Lake. He stopped the baling machine he and his wife were operating in the field and stepped down to talk. I asked him if he had had any trouble since the placing of the K.K.K. cross.

"Oh, they fired a couple shots at the house one night afterwards, but otherwise it's been pretty quiet," he said. "Of course, the thing we're riled up about right now is that murder at Sing Sing."

"Murder?" I asked.

"The Rosenbergs," he said. "It's shocking. And then look at the Czechs: They let Oatis go even though he still admits he violated the Czech laws on spying."

A few verbal twists later, he was discussing the state of the nation. "Those Wall Street bankers are getting closer and closer to the fascist state they've been after."

We shook hands, and I left for Lumir Subrt's 160-acre farm near Haugen. Subrt's house was nestled in a neat grove of oaks and elms, and I found Lumir in the barn, attaching electric milking machines to some of his cows. When the milking was finished, I asked the reason for his comparatively recent interest in politics.

"People need their rights protected by *somebody,*" he said. "Big business is just using this Red scare to create a fascist state. That's what the capitalists want—another Adolf Hitler."

The refrain sounded faintly familiar, so I turned the conversation to the K.K.K. cross incident.

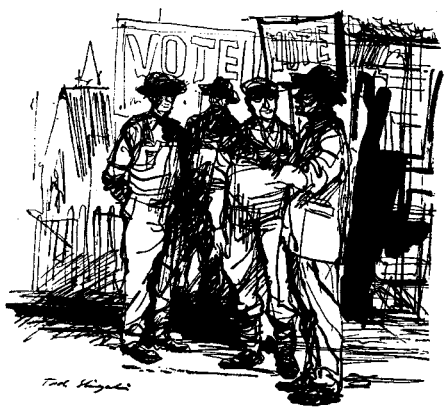
"I'm not worried about that any more," he said. "But I'll tell you one thing: June 19 will live as the blackest day this country has seen in a long, long time."

"June 19?" I said.

"The day the Rosenbergs were killed," he said sternly and somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh," I added lamely. "Well, what did you expect after the Trenton Six and the Martinsville Seven?"

I left a few minutes later not much the wiser. But I had the distinct impression that for once I had said the right thing.



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## *One Writer's Encounter with Communism—Part II*

# My Confession

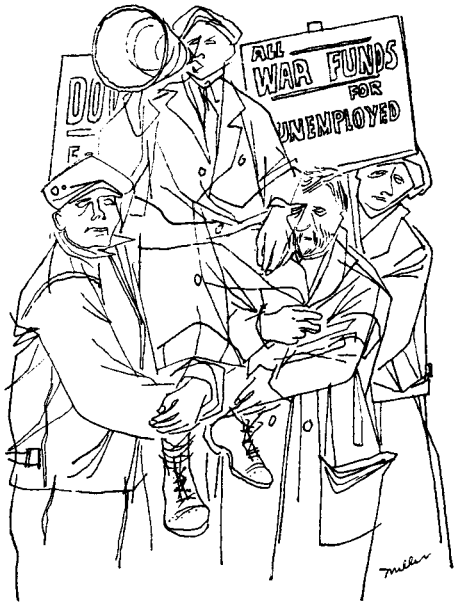
**MARY McCARTHY**

*The first section of Miss McCarthy's memoir (see* The Reporter, *December 22, 1953) closed with her description of how, in the summer of 1936, a Communist organizer invited her to join the Party. He then went to California to organize migrant fruit pickers, leaving Miss McCarthy very thoughtful.*

THIS PARTING GLIMPSE of Ansel through the car's back window was, as it turned out, ultimate. Politically speaking, we reached a watershed that summer. The first Moscow trial took place in August. I knew nothing of this event, because I was in Reno getting a divorce and did not see the New York papers. Nor did I know that the Party line had veered to the right and that all the fellow travelers would be voting, not for Browder as I was now prepared to do (if only I remembered to register), but for Roosevelt. Isolated from these developments, in the mountain altitudes, I was blossoming, like a lone winter rose overlooked by the frost, into a revolutionary thinker of the pure, uncompromising strain. The detached particles of the past three years' experience suddenly "made sense," and I saw myself as a radical.

"Book Bites Mary," wrote back a surprised literary editor when I sent him, from Reno, a radiant review of a novel about the Paris Commune that ended with the heroine sitting down to read *The Communist Manifesto*. In Seattle, when I came to stay with my grandparents, I found a strike on and instantly wired the *Nation* to ask if I could cover it. Every night I was off to the Labor Temple or a longshoremen's hall, while my grandparents, left with their double Canfield, took comfort from the fact that I seemed to be against Roosevelt, the Democrats, and the czars of the AFL; they did not quite grasp my explanation that I was criticizing "from the left."

Right here, I come up against a puzzle: Why didn't I take the *next step?* But it is only a puzzle if one thinks of me not as a concrete entity but as a term in a logical operation: You agree with the Communist Party; ergo, you join it. I reasoned




that way but I did not behave so. There was something in me that capriciously resisted being a term in logic, and the very fact that I cannot elicit any specific reason why I did not join the Party shows that I was never really contemplating it, though I can still hear my own voice, raised very authoritatively at a cafeteria table at the Central Park Zoo, pointing out to a group of young intellectuals that if we were serious we would join the Communists.

This was in September and I was back in New York. The Spanish Civil War had begun. The pay-as-you-go parties were now all for the Loyalists, and young men were volunteering to go and fight in Spain. I read the paper every morning with tears of exaltation in my eyes, and my sympathies rained equally on Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, and the brave Catholic Basques. My heart was tense and swollen with Popular Front solidarity. I applauded the Lincoln Brigade, protested nonintervention, hurried into Wanamaker's to look for cotton-lace stockings (I was boycotting silk on account of Japan in China). I was careful to smoke only union-made cigarettes; the white package with Sir Walter Raleigh's portrait came proudly out of my pocketbook to rebuke Chesterfields and Luckies.

IT WAS a period of intense happiness; the news from the battlefront was often encouraging and the practice of virtue was surprisingly easy. I moved into a one-room apartment on a crooked street in the Village and exulted in being poor and alone—I had decided not to marry my intended. I had a part-time job and read manuscripts for a publisher; the very riskiness of my situation was zestful. The first month or so was scarifyingly lonely, but I survived this, and starting early in November I began to feel the first stirrings of popularity. A new set of people, rather smart and moneyed, young Communists with a little "name," progressive hosts and modernist hostesses, had discovered me. The fact I was poor and lived in such a funny little apartment increased the interest felt; I was passed from hand to hand, as a novelty, like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. During those first days in November, I was chiefly conscious of what a wonderful time I was starting



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to have. All this while I had remained ignorant of the fissure that was opening. Nobody had told me of the trial of Zinoviev and Kamenev —the trial of the Sixteen—or of the new trial that was being prepared in Moscow, the trial of Pyatakov and Radek.

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON in November, I was taken to a cocktail party in honor of Art Young, the old *Masses* cartoonist, whose book, *The Best of Art Young,* was being published that day. It was the first publisher's party I had ever been to, and my immediate sensation was one of disappointment; nearly all these people were strangers and, to me, quite unattractive. Art Young, a white-haired little kewpie, sitting in a corner, was pointed out to me, and I turned a respectful gaze on him, though I had no clear idea who he was or how he had distinguished himself. I presumed he was a veteran Communist, like a number of the stalwarts in the room, survivors of the old *Masses* and the *Liberator.* Their names were whispered to me and I nodded; this seemed to be a commemorative occasion, and the young men hovered in groups around the old men, as if to catch a word for posterity. On the outskirts of certain groups, I noticed a few poorly dressed young men, bolder spirits, nervously flexing their lips, framing sentences that would propel them into the conversational center, like actors with a single line to speak.

The solemnity of these proceedings made me feel terribly ill at ease. It was some time before I became aware that it was not just me who was nervous; the whole room was under a constraint. Some groups were avoiding other groups, and now and then an arrow of sarcasm would wing like a sniper's bullet from one conversation to another.

I was standing, rather bleakly, by the refreshment table, when a question was thrust at me: Did I think Trotsky was entitled to a hearing? It was a novelist friend of mine, dimple-faced, shaggy-headed, earnest, with a whole train of people, like a deputation, behind him. Trotsky? I glanced for help at a sour little man I had been talking with, but he merely shrugged. My friend made a beckoning gesture and a circle closed in. What had Trotsky done? Alas, I had to ask. A tumult of voices proffered explanations. My friend raised a hand for silence. Leaning on the table, he supplied the background, speaking very slowly in his dragging, disconsolate voice, like a schoolteacher wearied of his subject. Trotsky, it appeared, had been accused of fostering a counter-revolutionary plot in the Soviet Union—organizing terrorist centers and conspiring with the Gestapo to murder the Soviet leaders. Sixteen Old Bolsheviks had confessed and implicated him. It had been in the press since August.

I blushed; everybody seemed to be looking at me strangely. "Where has she *been?*" said a voice. I made a violent effort to take in what had been said. The enormity of the charge dazed me, and I supposed that some sort of poll was being taken and that I was being asked to pronounce on whether Trotsky was guilty or innocent. I could tell from my friend's low, even, melancholy tone that he regarded the charges as derisory.

"What do you want me to say?" I protested. "I don't know anything about it." "Trotsky denies the charges," patiently intoned my friend. "He declares it's a GPU fabrication. Do you think he's entitled to a hearing?" My mind cleared. "Why, of course." I laughed—were there people who would say that Trotsky was *not* entitled to a hearing? But my friend's voice tolled a rebuke to this levity. "She says Trotsky is entitled to his day in court."

The sour little man beside me made a peculiar sucking noise. "You disagree?" I demanded, wonderingly. "I'm smart," he retorted. "I don't let anybody ask me. You notice he doesn't ask me?" "Shut up, George," said my novelist friend impatiently. "I'm asking *her.* One thing more, Mary," he continued gravely. "Do you believe that Trotsky should have the right of asylum?" The right of asylum! I looked for someone to share my amusement — were we in ancient Greece or the Middle Ages? I was sure the U.S. government would be delighted to harbor such a distinguished foreigner. But nobody smiled back. Everybody watched dispassionately as for form's sake I assented to the phrasing: Yes, Trotsky, in my opinion, was entitled to the right of asylum.

I went home with the serene feeling that all these people were slightly crazy. *Right of asylum, his day in court!* In a few hours I had forgotten the whole thing.

FOUR DAYS later, I tore open an envelope addressed to me by something that called itself "Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky," and idly scanned the contents: "We demand for Leon Trotsky the right of a fair hearing and the right of asylum." Who were these demanders, I wondered, and, glancing down the letterhead, I discovered my own name. I sat down on my unmade studio couch, shaking—how dared they help themselves to my signature? This was the kind of thing the Communists were always being accused of pulling; apparently Trotsky's admirers had gone to the same school. I had paid so little heed to the incident at the party that a connection was slow to establish itself. Reading over the list of signers, I recognized "names" that had been present there and remembered my novelist friend going from person to person, methodically polling.

How were they feeling, I wondered, when they opened their mail this morning? My own feelings were crisp. In two minutes I had decided to withdraw my name and write a note of protest. Trotsky had a right to a hearing, but I had a right to my signature. For even if there had been a legitimate misunderstanding (it occurred to me that perhaps I had been the only person there not to see the import of my answers), nothing I had said committed me to Trotsky's *defense.*

The "decision" was made, but according to my habit I procrastinated. The severe letter I proposed to write got put off till the next day and then the next. Probably I was not eager to offend somebody who had been a good friend to me. Nevertheless, the letter would undoubtedly have been written had I been left to myself. But within the next forty-eight hours the phone calls began. People whom I had not seen for months or whom I knew very slightly telephoned to advise me to get off the newly formed Committee. These



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calls were not precisely threatening. Indeed, the caller often sounded terribly weak and awkward, as if he did not like the mission he had been assigned. But they were peculiar. For one thing, they always came after nightfall and sometimes quite late, when I was already in bed. Another thing, there was no real effort at persuasion: The caller stated his purpose in standardized phrases, usually plaintive in tone (the Committee was the tool of reaction, and all liberal people should dissociate themselves from its activities, which were an unwarranted intervention in the domestic affairs of the Soviet Union), and then hung up almost immediately, before I had a proper chance to answer. Odd, too – the voices were not those of my Communist friends but of virtual strangers. These people who admonished me to "think about it" were not people whose individual opinions could have had any weight with me. And when I did think about it, this very fact took on an ominous character: I was not being appealed to personally but impersonally warned. Behind these phone calls there was a sense of massed power, as if all over the city the Party were wheeling its forces into disciplined formations, like a fleet or an army maneuvering. This, I later found, was true: A systematic telephone campaign was going on to dislodge members from the Committee. The phone calls generally came after dark and sometimes (especially when the recipient was elderly) in the small hours of the morning. The more prominent signers got anonymous messages and threats.

And in the morning papers and the columns of the liberal magazines, I saw the results. During the first week, name after name fell off the Committee's letterhead. Prominent liberals and literary figures issued statements deploring their mistake. And a number of people protested that their names had been used without permission. . . .

There but for the grace of God went I, I whispered, awestruck, to myself, hugging my guilty knowledge. Only Heaven—I plainly saw—by making me dilatory had preserved me from joining this sorry band. Here was the occasion when I should have been wrestling with my conscience or standing, floodlit, at the crossroads of choice. But in fact I was only aware that I had had a providential escape. I had been saved from having to decide about the Committee; *I* did not decide it—the Communists with their pressure tactics took the matter out of my hands. We all have an instinct that makes us side with the weak, if we do not stop to reason about it—the instinct that makes a householder shield a wounded fugitive without first conducting an inquiry into the rights and wrongs of his case. Such "decisions" are simple reflexes; they do not require courage; if they did, there would be fewer of them. When I saw what was happening, I rebounded to the defense of the Committee without a single hesitation—it was nobody's business, I felt, how I happened to be on it, and if anybody had asked me, I should have lied without a scruple.

OF COURSE I did not foresee the far-reaching consequences of my act—how it would change my life. I had no notion that I was now an anti-Communist, where before I had been either indifferent or pro-Communist. I did, however, soon recognize that I was in a rather awkward predicament—not a moral quandary but a social one. I knew nothing about the cause I had espoused; I had never read a word of Lenin or Trotsky, nothing of Marx but *The Communist Manifesto*, nothing of Soviet history; the very names of the Old Bolsheviks who had confessed were strange and almost barbarous in my ears. As for Trotsky, the only thing that made me think that he might be innocent was the odd behavior of the Communists and the fellow-traveling liberals, who seemed to be infuriated at the idea of a free inquiry. All around me, in the fashionable Stalinist circles I was now frequenting, I began to meet with suppressed excitement and just-withheld disapproval. Jeweled lady authors turned white and shook their bracelets angrily when I came into a soiree; rising young men in publishing or advertising tightened their neckties dubiously when I urged them to examine the case for themselves; out dancing in a night club, tall, collegiate young Party members would press me to their shirt bosoms and tell me not to be silly, honey.

And since I seemed to meet more Stalinists every day, I saw that I was going to have to get some arguments with which to defend myself. It was not enough, apparently, to say you were for a fair hearing; you had to rebut the entire case of the prosecution to get anybody to incline an ear in your direction. I began to read, headlong, the literature on the case—the pamphlets issued by Trotsky's adherents, the *Verbatim Report* of the second trial published by the Soviet Union, the bourgeois press, the Communist press, the liberal press. To my astonishment

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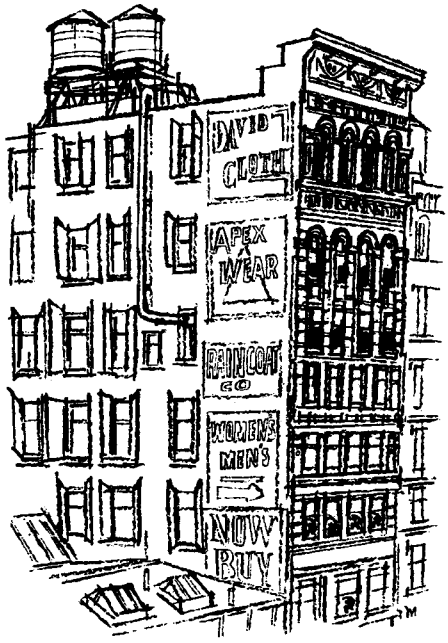
(for I had scarcely dared think it), the trials did indeed seem to be a monstrous frame-up. The defendant Pyatakov fled to Oslo to "conspire" with Trotsky during a winter when, according to the authorities, no planes landed at the Oslo airfield; the defendant Holtzmann met Trotsky's son, Sedov, in 1936, at the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen, which had burned down in 1912; the witness Romm met Trotsky in Paris at a time when numerous depositions testified that he had been in Royan, among clouds of witnesses, or on the way there from the south of France.

These were only the most glaring discrepancies—the ones that got in the newspapers. Everywhere you touched the case something crumbled. The carelessness of the case's manufacture was to me its most terrifying aspect; the slovenly disregard for credibility defied credence in its turn. How did they dare? I think I was more shaken by finding that I was on the right side than I would have been the other way round. And yet, except for a very few people, nobody seemed to mind whether the Hotel Bristol had burned down or not, whether a real plane had landed, whether Trotsky's life and writings were congruent with the picture given of him in the trials. When confronted with the facts of the case, people's minds sheered off from it like jelly from a spoon.

ANYBODY who has ever tried to rectify an injustice or set a record straight comes to feel that he is going mad. And from a social point of view he *is* crazy, for he is trying to undo something that is finished, to unravel the social fabric. That is why my liberal friends looked so grave and solemn when I would press them to come to a meeting and listen to a presentation of the facts—for them this was a Decision, too awful to be approached lightly. The Moscow trials were a historical fact, and those of us who tried to undo them were uneasily felt to be crackpots who were trying to turn the clock back. And of course, the less we were listened to, the more insistent and earnest we became, even while we realized we were doing our cause harm. It is impossible to take a moderate tone under such conditions. If I admitted, though, to being a little bit hipped on the subject of Trotsky, I could sometimes gain an indulgent if flickering attention—the kind of attention that stipulates, "She's a bit off but let's hear her story." And now and then, by sheer chance, one of my hearers would be arrested by some stray point in my narrative; the disparaging smile would slowly fade from his features, leaving a look of blank consternation. He would go off and investigate for himself, and in a few days, when we met again, he would be a crackpot too.




Most of us who became anti-Communists at the time of the trials were drawn in, like me, by accident and almost unwillingly. Looking back, as on a love affair, a man could say that if he had not had lunch in a certain restaurant on a certain day, he might not have been led to ponder the facts of the Moscow trials. Or not then at any rate. And had he pondered them at a later date, other considerations would have entered and his conversion would have had a different style. On the whole, those of us who became anti-Communists during that year, 1936-1937, have remained liberals—a thing that is less true of people of our generation who were converted earlier or later. A certain doubt of orthodoxy and independence of mass opinion was riveted into our anti-Communism by the heat of the period. As soon as I make this statement, exceptions leap into my mind, but I think as a generality it will stand. Those who became anti-Communist earlier fell into two classes: the experts and those to whom any socialist ideal was repugnant. Those whose eyes were opened later, by the Nazi-Soviet pact, or still later, by God knows what, were left bruised and full of self-hatred or self-commiseration, because they had palliated so much and truckled to a power center; to them, Communism's chief sin seems to be that it deceived *them*, and their public atonement takes on both a vindicating and a vindictive character.

WE WERE luckier. Our anti-Communism came to us neither as the fruit of a special wisdom nor as a humiliating awakening from a prolonged deception, but as a natural event, the product of chance and propinquity. One thing followed another, and the will had little to say about it. For my part, during that year I realized, with a certain wistfulness, that it was too late for me to become any kind of Marxist. Marxism, I saw, from the learned young men I listened to at Committee meetings, was something you had to take up young, like ballet dancing; it was a training that permeated you, starting when you were in high school or college, and at twenty-four I was too old.

So I did not try to be a Marxist or a Trotskyite, though for the first time I read a little in the Marxist canon. But I got the name of being a Trotskyite, which meant, in the end, that I saw less of the conventional Stalinists I had been mingling with and less of conventional people generally. My definition of a conventional person was quite broad: It included anyone who could hear of the Moscow trials and maintain an unruffled serenity. This, then, was a break or a rupture, not very noticeable at first, that gradually widened and widened, without any conscious effort on my part, sometimes to my regret. This estrangement was not marked by any definite stages; it was a matter of tiny choices. Shortly after the Moscow trials, for instance, I changed from the *Herald Tribune* to the *Times;* soon I had stopped doing crossword puzzles, playing bridge, reading detective stories and



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popular novels. I did not "give up" these things; they departed from me, as it were, on tiptoe, seeing that my thoughts were elsewhere, that I had lost interest in the pastimes of the middle class. I had become "alienated."

To change from the *Herald Tribune* to the *Times* is not, I am aware, as serious a step as breaking with international Communism when you have been its agent; and it occurs to me that Mr. Chambers and Miss Bentley might well protest the comparison, pointing out that they were profoundly dedicated people while I was a mere trifler, that their decisions partook of the sublime where mine descended to the ridiculous—as Mr. Chambers says, he was ready to give his life for his beliefs. Fortunately (though I could argue the point, for we all give our lives for our beliefs, piecemeal or whole), I have a surprise witness to call for my side, who did literally die for his political views.

I AM REFERRING to Trotsky, the small, frail, pertinacious old man who wore whiskers, wrinkles, glasses, shock of grizzled hair like a gleeful disguise for the erect young student, the dangerous revolutionary within him. Nothing could be more alien to the convulsed and tormented moonscapes of the true confessions of ex-Communists than Trotsky's populous, matter-of-fact recollections set out in *My Life*. I have just been rereading this volume, and though I no longer subscribe to its views, which have certainly an authoritarian and doctrinaire cast that troubles me today, nevertheless I experience a sense of recognition here that I cannot find in the mealy pages of our own repentant "revolutionaries." The old man remained unregenerate; he never admitted that he had sinned. That is probably why nobody seems to care or feel apologetic to his memory, despite the fact that his innocence was vindicated, less by the efforts of our Committee and the Dewey Commission that grew out of it than by Soviet developments, and most of all perhaps by the GPU man's alpenstock, descending, in Trotsky's study, when his elderly back was turned. It is an interesting point—and relevant, I think, to my story—that many people today actually have the impression that Trotsky died a natural death.

In a certain sense, this is perfectly true. I do not mean that he lived by violence and therefore might reasonably be expected to die by violence. He was a man of words primarily, a pamphleteer and orator. He was armed, as he said, with a pen and peppered his enemies with a fusillade of articles. Hear the concluding passages of his autobiography: "Since my exile, I have more than once read musings in the newspapers on the subject of the 'tragedy' that has befallen me. I know no *personal* tragedy. I know the change of two chapters of the revolution. One American paper which published an article of mine accompanied it with a profound note to the effect that in spite of the blows the author had suffered, he had, as evidenced by his article, preserved his clarity of reason. I can only express my astonishment at the philistine attempt to establish a connection between the power of reasoning and a government post, between mental balance and the present situation. I do not know, and I never have, of any such connection. In prison, with a book or pen in my hand, I experienced the same sense of deep satisfaction that I did at mass-meetings of the revolution. I felt the mechanics of power as an inescapable burden, rather than as a spiritual satisfaction."

THIS WAS not a man of violence. Nevertheless, one can say that he died a natural death—a death that was in keeping with the open manner of his life. There was nothing arcane in Trotsky; everything about him, including his beloved "archives," lay exposed to what he called "the court of world-opinion." That was his charm. Like an ordinary person, he was hospitably open to hazard and accident. It was natural that he should receive a murderer in his study in order to look over an article; when questioned by the Dewey Commission, he gave his occupation as "author." He underwent no political soul struggles; in his autobiography he cannot date the moment when he became a socialist. Nor was there a "decision" to go into opposition against Stalin. One would not respect Trotsky if he had seen this as a matter of choice.

One factor in his losing out in the power struggle at the time of Lenin's death was a delayed telegram, which should have called him home from the Caucasus, where he was convalescing, to appear at Lenin's funeral. Had the telegram been on time, perhaps the outcome would have been different. Or again, perhaps not. It may be that the whims of chance are really the importunities of design. But if there is a Design, it aims, in real lives, like the reader's or mine or Trotsky's, to look natural and fortuitous; that is how it gets us into its web.

Trotsky himself, looking at his life in retrospect, was struck, as most of us are on such occasions, by the role chance had played in it. He tells how, one day during Lenin's last illness, he went duck shooting with an old hunter in a canoe on the River Dubna, walked through a bog in felt boots—only a hundred steps—and contracted influenza. This was the reason he was ordered to Sukhum for the cure, missed Lenin's funeral, and had to stay in bed during the struggle for primacy that raged that autumn and winter. "I cannot help noting," he says, "how obligingly the accidental helps the historical law. Broadly speaking, the entire historical process is a refraction of historical law through the accidental. In the language of biology, one might say that the historical law is realized through the natural selection of accidents."

And with a faint touch of quizzical gaiety he sums up the problem as a Marxian: "One can foresee the consequences of a revolution or a war, but it is impossible to foresee the consequences of an autumn shooting-trip for wild ducks." This shrug before the unforeseen implies an acceptance of consequences that is a far cry from penance and prophecy. Such, it concedes, is life. Bravo, old sport, I say—even though the hall is empty.

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# *CHANNELS:*

# Tidings of Joy?

MARYA MANNES

DURING the same calendar week on three successive years, a group of trained masochists under the direction of Dr. Dallas W. Smythe of the University of Illinois have monitored every minute of New York television on seven stations, providing the doctor with the basis for a 161-page report which was instigated and supported, respectively, by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters and the Fund for Adult Education of the Ford Foundation.

Here are some of the findings:

Entertainment-type programs increased their predominance in 1953 to 78 per cent of all TV time. Of these, dramas showed the sharpest increase, from 33 to 47 per cent. Of these, in turn, Crime Drama, 15.3 per cent of the total, more than doubled its share of children's-hour time.

Information for the general audience decreased to 2.4 per cent of the total time. News Reports took one-fourth less time than a year ago (4.3 per cent). Children's Information and Instruction remained constant at about 1 per cent.

In 1953, Religion became, for the first time, the largest class of orientation-type programming. Discussion and debate dwindled in proportion.

The average saturation of acts and threats of violence increased from 5.8 per hour in 1952 to 6.2 per hour in 1953. The highest frequency for violent acts was in Comedy Drama for Children, where they averaged 36.6 per hour. There were 3,421 acts and threats of violence during the week.

The children's hours, representing one-fourth of the total time on the air, contained two-fifths of acts of violence in 1953. The rate of violent acts and threats in 1953 was twice as high for programs aimed at children as for those aimed at domestic or general audiences. Any questions?

Live programming decreased in the last year, recorded material providing 53 per cent of the total New York TV time.

Advertising increased by more than half and now occupies 18 per cent of program time. Primary advertisements (interrupting the flow of the program) are 22 per cent more numerous and take 27 per cent more time. The bulk of the increase in primary advertising fell in the children's hours, which in 1953 devoted 78 per cent more time to it than in 1951.

### '. . . That Has Such People in It'

Now for some lighter moments—if you laugh easily. Here is life in the world of TV drama as compared with the actual world:

Males outnumber females on TV by two to one, whereas in the real world the population is almost equally divided.

The TV world is peopled predominantly with characters at the peak of their sexually attractive ages—an average of thirty-eight for males, thirty-three for females. In apposition with this heavy overrepresentation of the courting, child-bearing ages was the consistent neglect of the real population under twenty and over sixty.

In the field of nationality and race, the most striking inference to be drawn is the fact that serial drama was concerned almost exclusively with American whites. "The largest degree of under-presentation was that of the Negroes, who constitute 10 per cent of the United States population and 2 per cent of the TV population."

Males in serial dramas were 90.9 per cent white Americans, with characters from other planets amounting to 4.5 per cent, Danes and Germans to 2.3 per cent each. Females in serial dramas were 95.7 per cent white American; the remainder, representing only one character, was extraplanetary.

Pursuing this line, the report comes up with the suggestion that there is a latent scale of nationality values, roughly classified as "desirable" and "undesirable." "Desirable" are American White, English, German, Australian, Norwegian, and Irish; "undesirable" includes American Negro, Mexican, Italian, Yugoslav, Russian, and Chinese.

There is one added touch: "It would appear then that a selective mechanism was operative to concentrate more than a chance proportion of males in a 'desirable' nationalities group, and of the females in an 'undesirable' nationalities group, but the exact criteria for the two groups was not discerned."

LEAVING YOU with this substantial cud, we proceed to some equally fascinating aspects of the TV drama world. "If TV drama is an image of the real world, the version of the real American at work presented to TV viewers in New York was one which over-represented Managers, Officials, and Proprietors, Professionals, Unemployed (but employ-



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able), Service Workers, and Private Household Workers. These groups composed 50.8 per cent of all TV characters and only 11.4 per cent of the United States population."

"Among the professional groups shown on TV," we read, "the journalists were generally closer to community ideals and scientists generally most distant from them in character attributes." Teachers were the cleanest, kindest, and fairest of the professional groups, although the weakest, softest, and slowest. Journalists were the most honest, scientists the least honest, least kind, and most unfair. Lawyers were pictured as both the dullest and dirtiest.

The report goes to town on the hero-villain criteria of television and comes up with some delightful observations. Speaking of TV heroes, whose characters were, of course, brave, attractive, honest, clean, and fair, it discovers that "They were, however, hardly more happy than sad and only moderately generous." Villains were more brave than cowardly, but "moderately sad, dirty, disloyal and miserly."

Heroines—and let this rankle in the female breast—"were consistently less brave, less honest, etc.," than male heroes, and "weaker, softer, duller, slower and dumber than, and as cold as, their male counterparts. . . . Female heroes were softer, duller, slower and dumber than female villains, while the only one of these qualities in which male heroes were inferior to male villains was in softness."

Now a report of 161 pages is not to be judged by these excerpts alone, failing as they do to give any indication of the standards accepted, monitoring methods employed, and tabulations adhered to. Although these appeared to me to be reasonable within their limitations, I have long been wary of the conclusions drawn from tables of figures and arbitrary classifications, which often elude or obscure the simple truth.

When the report concerns percentages of time allotted to certain types of programs and to advertising, however, and when it defines these programs, it is dealing strictly with fact. When it breaks down percentages in terms of race or type, it is also dealing with fact. When it deals with human qualities—dumb, soft, attractive, sad, generous—one might well ask: What do you mean by soft, dumb, etc.? Who are you? Who decided what was dumb, soft, attractive? Why?

It is also possible to share the alleged TV drama opinion of scientists and brand this report as "unfair, unkind and dishonest," or merely to go on laughing at Jackie Gleason and pretend it never happened.

Nor is the report, if taken seriously, completely alarming. It can be no cause for surprise, for instance, that TV—which is predominantly an entertainment medium — prefers to show white American males above all other beings, or that it thinks highly of Managers, Officials, and Proprietors.

Some comfort can be derived in some quarters that religion—of all creeds—is gaining and that two years ago there was no Ed Murrow "See It Now." (Special Events and Features account for only 0.2 per cent of the total time.) Quizzes and contests have not increased. Music showed an increase, and both Fine Arts and Dance raised their fractional heads where three years ago they were imperceptible. We are free from at least one kind of discrimination: In the week of monitoring, according to the report, no Jews were identified.

Whatever other cause for rejoicing this report may provide you will have to find for yourself. I myself find *King Lear* a barrel of laughs compared to it. Nor do I wonder any more—with acts and threats of violence at a record high on TV—why Joe McCarthy has a following.

# *The Spoken Word On Records*

**JAMES HINTON, Jr.**

Just a little more than three-quarters of a century has passed since Thomas A. Edison set the point of a needle back to the start of a spiral channel it had gouged into an aluminum-foil cylinder, held his ear close, turned a crank, and listened to a coarse but intelligible tracery of his voice repeating words that he had spoken a few moments earlier. "Mary had a little lamb," scraped the voice from the machine. "Its fleece was white as snow . . ."

The phonograph, archetypal of the most elaborate modern record apparatus, had been invented. The first sounds it gave back were of words spoken. Its inventor thought it primarily—if not, indeed, exclusively—a device to store up spoken ideas for future reference.

Yet the history of commercially recorded sound has had little to do with words, other than those in songs and arias. It has had to do with music. No doubt the staple of the record market will continue to be music, serious and popular. But within the past few years there has developed an interesting willingness on the part of manufacturers to experiment with such nonmusical but recordable phenomena as performances of plays, readings by authors and professional rhetoricians of poetry and prose not written for the theater, speeches by men in public life, and miscellaneous other utterances believed to be of topical interest, lasting documentary value, or both.

Equally interesting and equally in contravention of precedent is the fact that customers in profitable numbers are showing a complementary willingness to listen to, or at least buy and carry home, records that do nothing but talk.

Basically this new trend must be regarded as a crosscurrent in the great tidal swell of national enthusiasm for records and audio equipment that has been mounting ever since the introduction (or, as survivors of lean days in the record business tend to call it, with unconscious reverence, the "advent") of



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long-playing records five years ago.

Before LP, neither makers nor buyers of records ever showed much consistent enthusiasm for the spoken word, especially if the word in question had any ponderable intellectual density, and no one can say for sure why the present contrary manifestations have arisen. They may represent a fundamental change in attitude, the development of an entirely new audience for records, a passing quirk, or simply an uncritical willingness to try anything once. Still, when a recording as special in its attractions as the Moorehead-Hardwicke-Laughton-Boyer reading of Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* is not only made available but over a whole year places second in sales out of a catalogue as richly stocked as that of Columbia Records, some notice must be taken.

### Voices Lost, Voices Saved

Ever since record making really became a business, in 1898, recordings of the spoken word have been publicly available. However, the selections down the years seem capricious and trifling as one reviews them, and the total number would form no more than a slender appendix to the vast catalogues of musical recordings cumulated over the same span of time.

Evidently the people who were interested at all in talking records were more interested in, say, "Two Black Crows in Hades," "Cohen on the Telephone," and sayings by the Virginia Judge than in loftier dramatic or literary efforts or the voices of notable contemporary politicians. Exceptions there were, of course, but exceptions they remained.

Earlier, Tennyson and Browning had made Edison cylinders, and the voice of Dwight L. Moody in full evangelistic cry was captured on a Berliner disk. Dreyfus can be heard reading his defense, and Sarah Bernhardt can be heard as L'Aiglon. Ellen Terry and Beerbohm Tree made records, and so did E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, both Coquelins, Réjane, and Salvini.

These few are representative of the scattering of famous voices that have come down to us from the past on records. It is depressing for an archivist to go through the lists, comparing recordings made with those

lost, brooding over historic possibilities ignored.

More speech is being recorded now than ever before, at least partly because the tape recorder has eliminated the need to lure voices within range of immobile studio equipment and because judicious use of radio has made physical proximity itself not absolutely needful. However, as a corollary of this increase in activity, the general category "spoken word" has come to subsume an almost ludicrous and certainly confusing profusion of subclassifications. After all — to choose examples that may seem willfully bizarre but are actually not extreme —the standards of value applicable to lessons for parakeets destined to learn "Salty Sailor Talk" are not the same as those applicable to the mystical, humane accents of Gandhi; and neither set of values is precisely applicable to the oddly baleful oratory of Huey Long; to T. S. Eliot reading his own poetry; to Thomas Mann reading, in German, portions of *The Magic Mountain;* to Allen Funt on the prowl with his sadistically candid microphone; or to the narrator of "Gerald McBoing Boing" making his sober way through the entire New Testament.

There is no common aesthetic denominator among these except that all do involve spoken words without music. It would be easier to undertake a discussion of records in a category labeled simply "music." This is true, paradoxically, because music is not expressible in words. The listener's relationship to music is necessarily subjective, because music in itself cannot have denotative meaning.

Words, on the other hand, do have denotative meanings. Almost everybody, for better or worse, uses words as counters in the daily game of thinking and communicating. Even speech, for many people, is not an unusual occurrence. Quite a few of those well enough endowed to possess record players and records, it is convenient to suppose, can actually read and recognize at least most of the words they are able to understand when they hear them spoken.

Why, then, do people who spend hours each day alternately saying words and listening to them willingly and even eagerly buy records that will enable them to go home at night, switch on the record player, and listen to still more words being spoken?

### Who Are These People?

Who are they, anyway? Are they long-time collectors of music on records adding a bit of variety to their libraries? Are they wild-eyed audio enthusiasts eager for anything that can be put on a turntable and played through a loudspeaker? Are they a marshaling of the tone-deaf who never before have been offered anything much on records that they could bear to listen to without having their intelligence insulted? Or are they members of a self-elected captive audience seeking shackles?

On the face of the matter, it would seem likely that buyers of the spoken word are somewhat above average record buyers in intelligence. Leaving the parakeet lessons out of the balance, as fulfilling (I suppose) a special educational function, the repertoire is fairly demanding, at least by middlebrow standards.

Working upward from such items as Mr. Funt's interviews with unsuspecting dupes, through golf lessons by Sam Snead, *Voici et Voilà,* Don Blanding, Bible stories for children, a dramatization of *The Three Musketeers,* and Norman Corwin's "Lonesome Train," you arrive pretty quickly at recordings of meatier literary, dramatic, and documentary content.

It requires a certain amount of mental agility to follow the sparks of Shavian debate that glitter back and forth through *Don Juan in Hell,* for example, whereas even an illiterate moron could presumably get some pleasure out of listening to Berlioz'



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*Harold in Italy,* which nosed out the playlet for top honors in the Columbia sales figures.

However, *Don Juan in Hell* toured across the country in its year of recorded glory, and it would be interesting to know just how many of those copies were bought after attendance in the theater and now either occupy the status of unplayed souvenirs of the real, live show or have been worn out by slow-witted but stubborn people determined to find out what all the talk was about.

Be that as it may, there are other records of equally high caliber on the market, and people are buying them.

PERHAPS it all has to do with Gertrude Stein's classification of her acquaintances as being either "seeing people" or "hearing people." Possibly the new buyers of spoken-word records are simply "hearing people" who are just now being offered a literature so presented that they can fully apprehend and enjoy it, while their friends who are "seeing people" read books, play chess, or watch television soap operas.

But for those who are not exclusively "hearing people," a performance or a reading or a speech, no matter how inspired, is incomplete and second best if it takes place *only* on records, and the excitement of listening palls with familiarity. A recording that is a souvenir of a complete experience has somewhat greater durability of interest, as a means of recapturing something of the occasion, but sooner or later its residual value is bound to become mainly documentary.

### Am I a Snob?

In all, there are some forty plays available now on LP in more or less complete form. There are Comédie Française performances of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Marivaux to be heard. Listening to them is an exciting and illuminating lesson in style, for the lines in the great tragedies are chanted in the grand manner. But is the value for me, an American, real and complete; or is it quasi-musical, documentary, or merely snob? I do not know.

There are Shakespeare recordings —good, bad, and spotty. What will their ultimate value be to one who can read and imagine, except as a means of knowing how this or that actor read such and such a speech? Who in the future, listening to Paul Robeson's *Othello* on records, will know how important a part of his effectiveness in the role was his magnificent physical presence? Whatever valuation posterity may place on Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* as a motion picture, how can those who have not seen it know the minute integration between lights, camera angles, and the way the lines are read when he hears them on records? Admitting the supreme importance of the vocal in Shakespeare, how can any performance hold its interest once the listener knows every pause, each inflection? I don't know. I just ask. But the documents have value.

Over the short haul, plays written for radio and never intended to be seen, like *Sorry, Wrong Number,* are more effective on records than many plays that are better literature but in some measure dependent on visual effect.

Plays that are poetically vocal, like *The Cocktail Party,* last much better when merely heard than do plays like *Death of a Salesman,* which loses force on records for some of the same reasons it seemed realistic and moving in the theater.

### Truman Capote, Anyone?

Perhaps the most elaborate of all the spoken-word projects is the Columbia Literary Series, edited by Goddard Lieberson. The first readings, by twelve authors, have just been released, done up in a black leather attaché case and priced at a round $100. The authors read, with varying ability and effectiveness, from their own prose works—all except Edith Sitwell, who insists on proving once more, and for posterity, that she reads Shakespeare like a little girl with a deep voice, pretending.

These recordings will certainly retain at least documentary value as long as anyone cares to know how John Steinbeck sounded, or William Saroyan (who comments on his text ad lib), or Truman Capote, or Edna Ferber, or the whole Sitwell family, or John Collier, or Katherine Anne Porter.

As Mr. Lieberson points out, or implies, in a hand-bound book of program notes, the recordings give the listener insight into the authors' personalities. But once you have gained a sense of Mr. Steinbeck's personality (he is a bass who hesitates as if unbelieving and a little embarrassed before pronouncing adjectives of prettiness), why have him around the house to read *Johnny Bear* to you?

The notes suggest that listening to the Steinbeck record is just like having him drop by to read to you. Maybe so. But people *never* drop by to read to me, not even once. And I'm glad they don't. In the first place, I can read faster by myself; and I can stop to contemplate, make notes, or drink coffee without having to listen to anybody reading along as if I were still interested. But the documents have value.

### Authors and Their Works

Some authors read poetry on records; some poetry on records is read by actors. Some of the poets read very well—notably the late Dylan Thomas, whose recordings for Caedmon (the only exclusively spoken-word LP company in the business) are among the real treasures of talking records. When a poet really reads his own work well, he has every right to do so; but some most emphatically don't, as Columbia found out as long ago as 1949 when they made a record called "Pleasure Dome."

Actors actually read better than most poets. But suppose the actor

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doesn't know what the cadences are supposed to be or what the words mean? Theoretically, even if he does, and even if the poet stutters and fumbles, you have a *document* if you have the poet on records. But if the actor reads well, you may experience the poem as it was conceived, not as read by a man who stutters.

Then there are the true documentaries, planned to help you recapture some occasion, or if you weren't there when the occasion happened – which is more likely – help you recapture what you imagine the occasion would have been like if you had been there. With Edward R. Murrow weaving his vocal spell on "Hear It Now," what you are likely to end up with is *his* idea of what the occasion would have been like. There is certainly nothing wrong with this, but it does inject another personality, if an undeniably impressive one, into the experience-listener equation.

The voices of Roosevelt, Einstein, Nehru, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Stevenson, and Will Rogers can all be heard by the curious or devoted. The value of hearing them is recreative. But re-creation of a total personality or occasion depends at least to some extent on preconception and involvement. Take Hitler. I was not there, so I can admire his speech on the Sudetenland dispassionately, as a piece of skilled rabble rousing. If I had been there, or if I had been listening on the radio in Prague, it is certain that my reaction even now would not be dispassionate.

SOME SPOKEN-WORD recordings are dull, some are exciting, some moving, some ridiculous, some pretentious. But they can all be had, and if you don't bother too much about what is a play and what a document, what is a revelation about the words and what a revelation about the author, what is created for you by artistic illusion and what you create for yourself by imaginative remembrance, the literature can be richer and more extensive than ever before. And when time has done its inevitable sifting there may be a really valuable residue.

After all these years as a music box, the talking machine is beginning to talk again.

# *Inside Ickes: He Loved Only One*

**M. R. WERNER**

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES: THE FIRST THOUSAND DAYS, 1933-1936. *Simon and Schuster.* $6.

WHEN Harold Ickes went to Washington in March, 1933, as Secretary of the Interior, many Americans were not quite sure how to pronounce his name. Before he had left there in 1946, when he resigned after a disagreement with President Truman, he had been mentioned as a possible Presidential candidate by both Republicans and Democrats, and he was nicknamed, without much affection, "Honest Harold" and "Hard-Boiled Harold."

The Blackfoot Indians named him "Omuc Ki Yo," or "Big Bear." He liked to call himself a curmudgeon. Webster defines "curmudgeon" as follows: "An avaricious, grasping fellow; a miser; niggard; churl." The first volume of the secret diary covering the exuberant, tense New Deal years 1933 through 1936 reveals, among much else, that Harold Ickes was right in all respects to call himself a curmudgeon. He was avaricious and grasping for power; he was miserly as Public Works Administrator to the exasperation of other men; he was niggardly in his willingness to give other people credit for almost as much wisdom as his own; and he was a churl when he hadn't slept well because he worked so inordinately.

Conservatives admired Harold Ickes for his efficiency, integrity, and energy; liberals admired him for what they considered his advanced views and his blunt language. Harold Ickes was a cross between a Populist of the 1880's and a Theodore Roosevelt Republican. Men were right to respect him, and some men had plenty of cause to dislike him. Reading the 705 pages of this first petulant volume of his diary is rather like eating peanuts: Once you start, it's hard to stop this side of indigestion.

Ickes resembled a spinster listening in on a small-town party line. He repeats unctuously what someone told him to the discredit of someone else. His published account of his experience in government is going to cause some people not to talk to others again after they read what they are recorded by Ickes as saying about one another.

The diary of Harold L. Ickes is the most detailed recent account by a high American government official of what went on around him in a critical period. The whole product, we are told in a preface by Jane D. Ickes, his widow and the custodian of the secret diary, "fills nearly a hundred volumes of closely-typed copy – approximately 6,000,000 words." Simon and Schuster have contracted to bring out at least three volumes, which will take the story up to Pearl Harbor. Another volume is scheduled for next April and a third for next September. Should public interest warrant, additional volumes will be published.

### The Concealed Camera

This diary is a plain account of the views, reactions, and prejudices of Harold Ickes as he formed them from a seat of power. While he was sitting in that seat, his associates were unaware that they were facing a candid camera. His secretaries kept notes of whom he saw and the meetings he attended. He often dictated digests of talks with President Roosevelt, of Cabinet meetings and other conferences.

Every Saturday or Sunday Ickes managed to take time to dictate the text of his diary for the week, put it in a safe in his house, and burn the stenographers' notes himself in his fireplace. From this huge accumulation of data and gossip, the published volumes are being put together. The preface assures us that only overdetailed matter and some material on persons still alive that cannot be published, presumably be-



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cause of the laws of libel and the canons of taste, have been omitted. Plenty of criticism of those who are still alive remains. Ickes himself once wrote: "If, in these pages, I have hurled an insult at anyone, let it be known that such was my deliberate intent, and I may as well state flatly now that it will be useless and a waste of time to ask me to say that I am sorry."

The disappointment of this diary is that the writing is duller than might have been expected by those of us who remember Ickes's speeches and articles. Perhaps that is to be expected, for he wrote these entries when he was tired after carrying out too many tasks, which he was assigned or arrogated to himself and went after avidly in the lust for power that he condemns so roundly in other officials. There are places in this mass of recollection and reflection when Ickes uses the salt of satire, but he never has the savor of wit. He has little gift for descriptive writing and not much narrative sense. The diary is not vivid, though it is biting. The claim on the jacket that *The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes* "belongs in the great tradition of Pepys and Boswell, for this is the true raw material of history," is only valid in respect to the word "raw."

### Entertaining the President

To Harold Ickes every man was a potential antagonist until otherwise proven. Although his diary shows that he had a broad mind of progressive economic tendencies and was a man of great administrative energy and some ingenuity, it also reveals a man of petty spirit with naive vanity and social insecurity. Like many crusty people, he could be easily flattered. His account of the visit President Roosevelt paid to his house on the evening of July 8, 1936, for dinner on the lawn, with Tom Corcoran and his accordion and guitar for accompaniment and a few close associates as fellow guests, exhibits Ickes as not only pleased as Punch, which was natural, but as fussy as Old Mother Hubbard:

"The President got out about a quarter to seven. The dining table was set on the lawn, since it was a warm, clear day with no wind. Fortunately, the President's car could bring him within a very few feet of the place where the table was by coming around the house and the garage. From the car he was carried to my own favorite chair which I had had taken out on the lawn for him. After cocktails and cocktail sandwiches, we moved him over to the table where the eight of us sat down. We started with honeydew melon, then had cold salmon with mayonnaise dressing, as well as cucumbers and tomatoes, bread and butter, then squab with peas and potatoes. Then followed a green salad with a choice of cream, Swiss or Roquefort cheese. For dessert there was my own special ice cream, black raspberry, with cookies and coffee to finish with. For wines I served Chateau Yquem, a good claret, and a good vintage champagne. We had liqueurs afterward and when the dining table had been removed, the butlers brought out and put on a table, with a supply of cracked ice, Scotch, rye and bourbon whisky, gin and Bacardi rum. To go with these we had White Rock and ginger ale.

"The party was a great success, although personally I did not contribute anything to it. I have been very much out of sorts lately. I have been sleeping worse than I have been sleeping for years, with the result that I have been taking soporifics practically every night. I have been very tired and depressed and even


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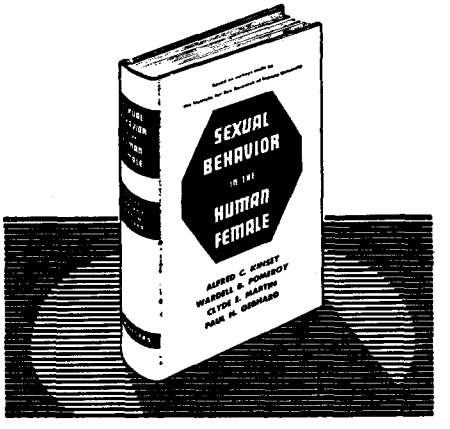


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the honor of this occasion, graced as it was by the President, was not sufficient to shift the load that I have been carrying." After noting that the President carried his liquor well and that no one got drunk, he admits that he felt "very much set up that the President should have been my guest," as any man would have been. When Ickes asked him to come again, the President promised to do so provided Ickes would take a vacation for three weeks. Ickes never could admit that other men could take some of the heavy load he was carrying, and he fought like a tiger to prevent anyone—and particularly Harry Hopkins—from grabbing any of it.

Ickes's whole relationship to Franklin Roosevelt follows a pattern in this diary. At first, like so many others, he fell in love with the man. He always remained admiring and respectful of him, but as difficulties and disappointments set in, Ickes got to mistrust Roosevelt's word and to doubt his wisdom on occasion. There was only once when he formally resigned, although he often thought he ought to. The President invited him to lunch alone with him at the White House, looked at him with "mock reproach and then, without saying a word, he handed to me a memorandum in his own handwriting as follows:

The White House
Washington

Dear Harold—

1. P.W.A. is not 'repudiated.'
2. P.W.A. is not 'ended.'
3. I did not 'make it impossible for you to go before the committee.'
4. I have not indicated lack of confidence.
5. I have *full* confidence in you.
6. You and I have the same big objectives.
7. You are needed, to carry on a big common task.
8. Resignation *not* accepted!

Your affectionate friend,
(Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Ickes tells us that he was "quite touched by its undoubted generosity and its evident sincerity of tone." He went on to discuss his many grievances with the President, who "took everything in the best possible spirit." Any President of the United States is in something of the position of a grand-opera impresario, but Franklin D. Roosevelt had a particularly temperamental collection of tenors to contend with.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

***Ickes as Fitzpatrick saw him***

Ickes was resentful of Mrs. Roosevelt from time to time. He felt that she interfered too much and improperly used the weight of her name as the President's wife. In one entry he complains: "She is becoming altogether too active in public affairs and I think that she is harmful rather than helpful. After all, the people did not elect her President, and I don't think the country likes the thought of the wife of the President engaging prominently in public affairs to the extent that she does." On September 18 of that same year, 1935, Ickes fumes: "Soon I will expect Sistie and Buzzy to be issuing orders to members of my staff. Fortunately they can't write yet." He also expresses sharp criticism of some of the activities of the President's sons James and Elliott.

The man for whom Harold Ickes never misses an opportunity to confide to his diary his contempt is Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr. He also never tires of stressing the garrulity and intrusiveness of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. For Harry Hopkins Ickes shows mistrust but grudging respect. There were innumerable men whom he despised and ridiculed and some he hated. There are none he seems to have loved, except, at times, the President. His kindest words are for Justice Louis D. Brandeis. Ickes found the Cabinet meetings disappointing because Roosevelt never seemed to make them occasions for really shaping policy, preferring to do that himself with individuals.

### Damp Shoulders

Some critics felt that Ickes was too slow and too fussy and was holding back employment by his concern that not a dime should be misspent on PWA projects. He enjoyed and deserved the reputation among businessmen and others of being the most careful administrator in the Roosevelt Cabinet. There certainly were no scandals, and the Interior Department had frequently been a nest of scandal, particularly under the Harding Administration.

Ickes's diary contains much material on other people's activities and complaints, for he was consulted by the President and most of the New Deal camarilla – except those who were afraid of his quick temper or annoyed by his irascibility. Among the personal flaws the diary reveals are his inordinate suspicion and self-pity. The President went out of his way frequently to commend Ickes publicly and privately. But Ickes was sure that there was a cabal working against him, and that eventually it would "get" him. That there was a cabal usually working against someone seems clear from this diary, but this tendency to form cabals was not exclusively a New Deal phenomenon or failing. When Ickes isn't crying on someone's shoulder, someone is usually crying on his.

On Friday, January 17, 1936, Ickes recorded in his diary remarks at a Cabinet meeting which should, but probably will not, be useful for the guidance of Senators McCarthy and Jenner and Representative Velde today. Secretary of State Hull was upset because the Congressional committee investigating the munitions industry, under the chairmanship of Senator Gerald P. Nye, had publicized confidential information Britain had furnished it exclusively for its own use. Ickes writes: "He remarked that other countries would refuse to submit confidential information to us if that information could not be protected from divulgence through an investigating committee." Secretary Morgenthau then



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complained that a statement he had made to an executive session of a Congressional committee had been given out to the public in garbled form. Ickes records: "At this juncture, Vice President Garner remarked that there ought not to be any executive sessions of any Congressional committee. He made the point that it was all public business and that reporters should be permitted to attend any committee meeting. I think he is right. Several instances were cited of confidential information leaking out of committee executive sessions."

### In and Out of Love

Although Ickes regretted on Monday, May 25, 1936, that he had not insisted on the President's accepting his resignation because he felt that he was not getting sincere support from the President in every respect, by Saturday night, June 27, when he listened to Franklin D. Roosevelt's acceptance speech of his second nomination, he fell in love again. He recorded in his diary:

". . . I came away from the meeting feeling that, as matters stand, I would have no option except to support the President, no matter what my personal differences might be with him over policies affecting my Department. I simply would have no other choice in view of what I have believed in and stood for all my life."

While Roosevelt never lost confidence in his victory over Landon, Ickes often saw doom and by July 21 he was out of love again and worrying about what a poor President Landon might be. He was also expressing in his diary some regret that he had not resigned and accepted the Republican nomination in 1936, as had been suggested to him.

Ickes disclaimed at the same time any ambition to take the back-breaking job of President, but throughout this entry, one hears as background music the buzzing of the Presidential bee. In a later entry, on September 12, he admits that he would take the Presidency if he could get it. But he is convinced that he is not popular and would be fought even more bitterly than Roosevelt "by the big interests and possessors of big incomes . . ." Although he insists that he does not "intend to allow my head to grow too large for my hat," he is clearly looking forward to 1940.

When it began to be rumored that Ickes had taken so many notes and worked on them in vitriol for so many years and that the result was to be published, some men who disliked him as much as he disliked them were uncomfortable, and some of them will be worried until the rest of the material is finally published. The rumors that Ickes had left a "monumental" diary also aroused great expectations among those of us who sought an insight into our immediate past. Although this first volume contains material which supplements what could be gathered from reading and conversation during the period when the New Deal began, the diary does not offer as yet deep reflections on the purposes, successes, and failures of the Roosevelt effort.

I think that the reason Harold Ickes was less telling in his diary than in his speeches, articles, and random wise cracks—for example, his characterization of Wendell Willkie as "a barefoot boy from Wall Street"—is that he was a man holding on tenaciously to a position he had acquired to his own surprise. (It was probably a surprise that lasted through his term of office.) He had gone to see President-elect Roosevelt, expecting to get at the most the job of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He found himself Secretary of the Interior, allegedly on the recommendation of Louis Howe. Thrown into the hurly-burly of larger events, Harold Ickes worked furiously and honestly to increase his power and kept one eye cocked on possible rivals. The book could have been more significant if Ickes had been less unsure of himself and therefore more relaxed.

# *No Mystic Blur, No Jolly Fix-up*

**WILLIAM LEE MILLER**

THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS, by Cornelia Jessey. *Noonday Press. $3.50.*

This recent novel by a woman from the Southwest reminds one how seldom American fiction deals seriously with religious problems. Our American novels seem to reflect two tendencies in national attitudes toward religion: Some are religious but not serious, and others are serious but not religious.

Many popular novels, of the Lloyd Douglas type, show the genial, efficient, Rotarian attitude toward religion (it's a good thing) which is also evident in our articles claiming that "God Is My Senior Partner," our moral crusades in politics, and the advertising campaigns that admonish us to "Take Someone to Church This Sunday—You'll Both Be Richer For It."

Serious American novels, on the other hand, reflect the skittishness toward religion of the native American intellectual, who seems not so much to reject as simply to avoid questions of faith and worship.

The first of these attitudes may help to explain the second. The modern American intellectual's contact with traditional faiths may be limited to shallow and utilitarian forms thoroughly identified with a middle-class culture against which he is in protest. Contemporary America does not seem to provide a heritage rich enough for the intellectual either to appreciate the piety of the ordinary man and present it in literary form, as seems often to happen in Catholic countries, or to couch his protest against ordinariness in terms of a more profound faith, as seems to happen in England with cocky Chestertonian Catholicism and literary Anglicanism. In this land of the free church the contemporary intellectual and artist often seem not



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to take religion very seriously even in rejecting it.

A novel like this one is therefore a surprise. Cornelia Jessey told her publisher that she tried to do in America what Graham Greene and François Mauriac are doing in Europe. Her book has the subtitle "A Religious Novel of Suspense." Like Greene, she uses dramatic external events to pose an internal religious problem; unlike Greene, she seems to be better at the religion than at the suspense: Her thought is better than her writing. At the end of a long and somewhat allegorical train ride that comprises the whole novel, the reader can hardly help but be personally engaged in the problem about which Miss Jessey's heroine has been thinking.

### Flight from Everything

That problem is self-hatred, and the need for forgiveness. The heroine, a middle-aged beauty from Arizona, is returning home to deal with the murder of her mother, with which her father has been charged. On the train ride she engages in a kind of purgatorial recapitulation of her life. She fled from herself, from her mother whom she hated, and perhaps from God; she fled first into an identification with the land, in an unbelievable childhood attachment to the little Arizona town, and then into what seems to be an unnecessarily rich and vivid career, involving incest, promiscuity, violence, miscegenation, radical politics, train wreck, and murder.

This colorful flight follows no specifically modern and American course; the setting is more incidental than basic to the form of the eternal problems which are posed. And the approach to these problems is not peculiarly that of American religion. The author may indeed have done something of what Greene and Mauriac are doing, but for that reason without any necessary relation to America. This fact suggests that we lack a modern American religious literature partly because we lack the formal, understood, and universal definitions of a sacramental heritage —definitions not only of how grace comes but also of what sin is.

For a Catholic author like Greene, the (we might say) good old eternal sins of sex and violence, adultery and murder, and the correspondingly definite and eternal means of grace, can be clear, dramatic, and sufficient. But an author who would speak to and for a people with Calvinist and sectarian antecedents can give sin and grace no such clarity; they appear in the shifting events of particular times and places, in now this kind of idolatry and now that, in now this gift of the spirit and now that. They are harder to identify with certainty, harder to dramatize, harder to communicate.

The special result of American religious emphasis is an active and outward orientation. Our Puritan and sectarian heritage issues in revivalism, in a world-wide missionary enthusiasm, in "religious education" and the "social gospel," in church building and administrative getting and spending. It is usual to say that the world is too much with us, and we lay waste our powers of contemplation and inwardness. For all that, there may be something to be said, even by serious novelists, on behalf of the world-transforming zeal of American religion.

### You Must Decide

But if this novel does not treat whatever virtues an extroverted American religion may have, neither does it reflect the vices it certainly does have. Religious problems are not reduced to institutional promotion or private sentiment, nor are they all wrapped up and efficiently concluded. The novel is never coercively edifying. There is no mystic blur, no altar call, no jolly fix-up at the end.

Over the whole of the heroine's meditation there hovers just the possibility of a salvation from consuming hatred of her mother and endless flight from herself, a hypothetical possibility of a salvation through divine forgiveness. It remains a hypothesis; no reader is shut out by the use of categories unavailable to him, or by a "resolution" which "solves" the problem for him. At the end the heroine, stripped of defenses and purged of her past, stands completely alone, and maybe she and the hypothesis meet. The question of salvation is left open, as one the reader, American or otherwise, must decide.


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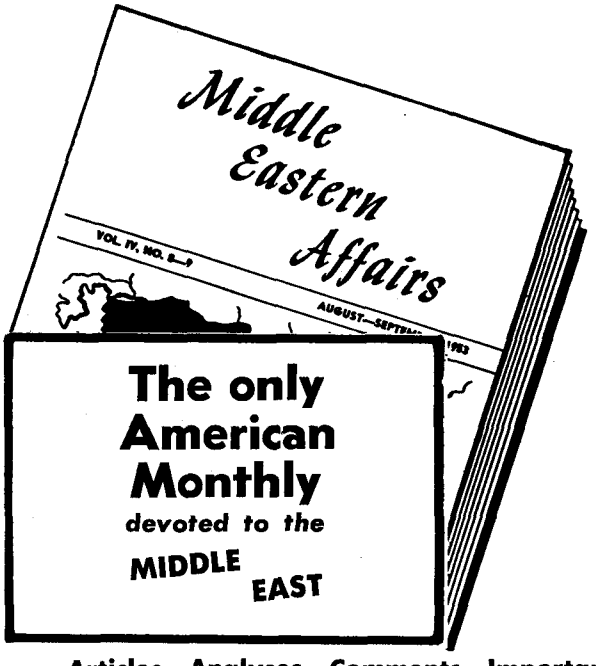


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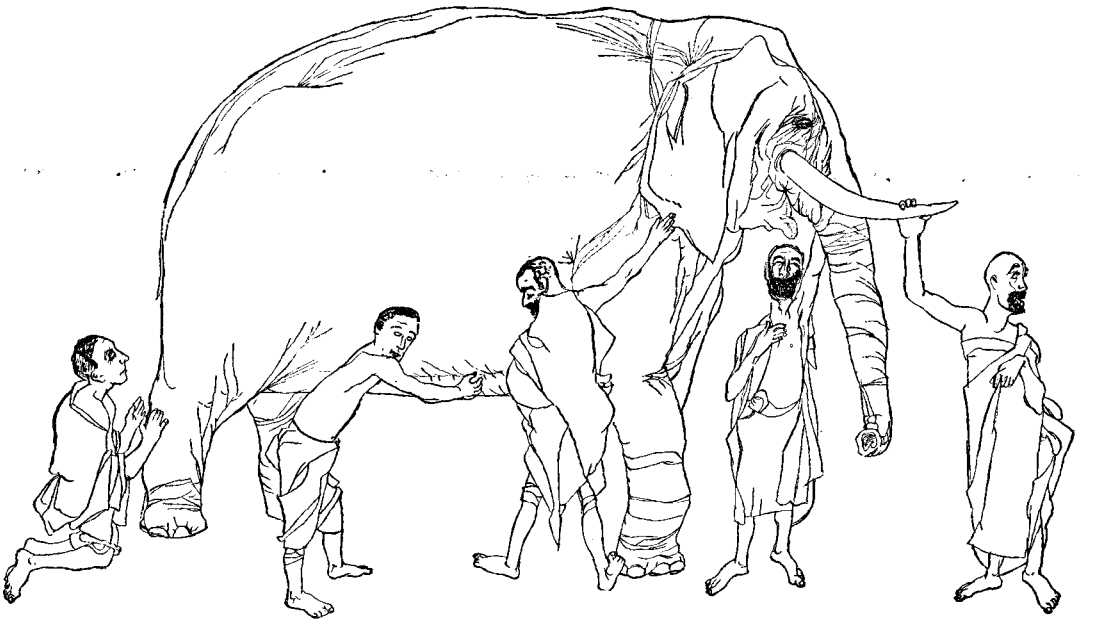

# *To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture*

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